

Life

A stylized illustration in a high-contrast, graphic style. A woman with dark hair, wearing a patterned jacket and a skirt, is walking towards the right. She is carrying a large suitcase and holding a small book or notepad. In the background, the front of a vintage car is visible. The overall tone is dark, with white highlights on the woman's clothing and the car's body.

\$2500.00
IN CASH PRIZES

*"HOW WELL
DO YOU KNOW
AMERICA?"*

See Pages 10 and 11
in this issue

John Held Jr.

November 17 1927
Price 15 cents

CORONA

in six
beautiful Duco colors
to suit your taste



IF ATMOSPHERE has anything to do with the way you think and write—this gay Corona portable will simply breathe life into the words you type.

Corona can now be in perfect harmony with your library, your boudoir, or the little nook of a study where you write. You may choose from a variety of exquisite color combinations—devised to suit people, like yourself, who love beauty in everything.

Mechanically these new colored Coronas are as nearly perfect as typewriters can be, embodying as they do, all of our twenty years of experience in this field.

Seeing is believing. Step into the nearest Corona store and feast your eyes on these beautiful new models.



1 Lavender. Panelled in crystalline rose gold.



2 Light Maroon. Crystalline panels in same color.



3 Channel Blue. Crystalline panels in same color.



4 Mountain Ash Scarlet. Contrasting panels in crackle-finish black.



5 Cream Color. Panelled in crystalline rose gold.



6 Bruce Green. Crystalline panels in the same color.

WRITE for our illustrated folder showing all six of these new Duco finished models in full, rich colors. Better still, look for Corona in your phone book and ask to have a colored Corona brought to you for examination. Used machines will be accepted in trade and easy terms arranged to suit you.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Sales offices in principal cities of the world

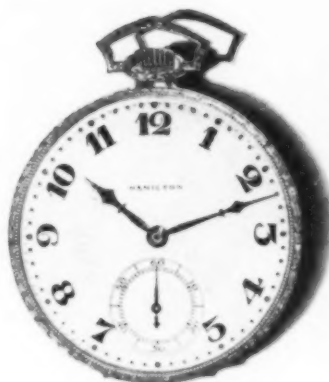
Established 1903

1121 E. Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Life

What Fifty Dollars *will do*

It will give you your choice
of these beautiful Hamiltons



The Hamilton "Jefferson" is cased in richly chased white or green 14k filled gold, with a 17-jewel adjusted movement that gives true Hamilton accuracy. \$50.



"I'll take this one—it's so beautiful."



The new Hamilton Fillmore has a touch of elaboration through the gracefully chased bow. In white or green 14k filled gold case with 17-jewel movement. Price \$50.



The Cleveland model. A smart new design with rigid bow, fashioned of 14k filled green or white gold, exquisitely chased. 17-jewel movement. \$50.

JEWELERS tell us that many people think of the Hamilton as very high priced.

This page of Hamiltons at Fifty Dollars is our answer. We have made them for years—and for years they have been sold at this price.

The Hamilton's long record for great accuracy probably creates the impression of extra-high price. Only for considerable money, people suppose, could such a valuable and accurate watch be produced.

The Hamilton is offered in many models and, in platinum cases, is sold as high as \$685.

It is not by chance, but because of its accuracy, that the Hamilton is the watch preferred in American railroad service.

The "Twentieth Century Limited," the New York Central's famous fast train between New York and Chicago, is run on Hamilton time. So is the "Broadway Limited," the Pennsylvania's splendid New York-Chicago flyer. Each of these celebrated trains recently completed its twenty-fifth year of successful service.

The three thin pocket models shown on this page are presented in beautiful cases of distinguished design. Read the detailed descriptions. Your jeweler is ready to serve you.

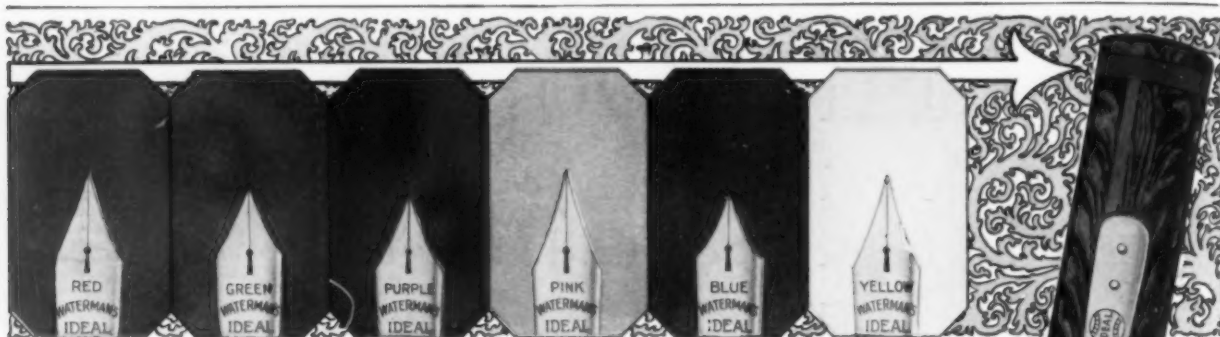
For full information and descriptions, send for copies of "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch." Hamilton Watch Company, 899 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.



Hamilton strap model, square-cut-corner shape, available in 14k, or 14k filled green or white gold. \$55 to \$87. Other models at \$50.

Hamilton-Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

Life



PICK YOUR PEN POINT BY COLOR

The simplest, safest, surest way to get permanent pen satisfaction is to pick your pen point by color.

Waterman's Number Seven

with its identifying color band offers the quickest, most reliable guide to pen point selection

The following colors on holders tell the story of pen point character. Look for them on Waterman's Number Seven.

Red—STANDARD—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

Green—RIGID—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

Purple—STIFF; FINE—Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

Pink—FLEXIBLE; FINE—As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

Blue—BLUNT—An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.

Yellow—ROUNDED—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure. Suits left-handed writers.

Merchants who sell Waterman's will be glad to let you try all six points. Do this and select the one that suits you best.

When you buy a Waterman's you buy perpetual pen service.

Guaranteed since 1883 and until 1983—100 years of pen service

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York

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BOSTON

SAN FRANCISCO

MONTREAL



\$7.00

Number Seven

Beautiful, resilient
Ripple stainless rubber holder.
Made with protective lip-guard
and an unequalled patented filling device.

Waterman's

The Back-Seat Driver Makes a Boat Trip

"FOR heaven's sake, be careful, Captain—you nearly ran over a whale that time.... This ship has a queer, throbbing motion. Are you sure our engine is hitting on all cylinders?... Look! There's another boat. Blow your whistle, Captain.... Captain, I'm sure the water's much too shallow here.... Don't go so fast. Fifteen knots an hour is enough speed for any reasonable person.... I certainly hope you see that iceberg over there off the port bow.... I'll bet you forgot to bring the fog horn.... Oh! Be careful, Captain. Remember that fishing smack has the right of way.... Why did you come this way, Captain? It's a much nicer trip across the Indian Ocean... My goodness, Captain, you'll be arrested for trying to make a left turn into the English Channel!"

R. L.

Extra Polish

"Lemberg, the Polish town, is spelt by the Poles themselves, Lwow; by the Ukrainians, L'viv; by the Russians, L'vov; and by the French, Leopold."

WHERE'ER I roam, I swear to give

Allegiance to thee, L'viv.

I hold thee dear all else above.

My native city of L'vov.

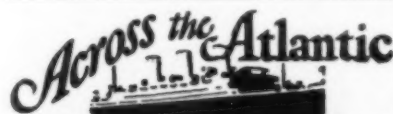
Forever mistress of my soul,

Blessed be thy name of Leopold.

Let others call thee Lemberg now;

To me thou'lt always be—Lwow!

H. W. H.



FRANCE
GERMANY

ENGLAND
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Attractive and comfortable accommodations are offered on the splendid steamers RESOLUTE, RELIANCE, HAMBURG (new), DEUTSCHLAND and ALBERT BALLIN. Also on the one-class Cabin steamers CLEVELAND, THURINGIA and WESTPHALIA. World famous cuisine and service.

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138 day Cruise—25 Countries

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Rates—\$2000 and up

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To the West Indies

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UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC.

General Agents

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Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco
or local steamship and tourist agents



"This is my husband"

Are you ever rather ashamed of him when you say it?

Have you the kind of a man that dresses as much like a well bred man

As you dress like a well bred woman?

Do you ever marvel at the ability of some woman you know to wear just the smartest things

And then some day you meet the husband

And he doesn't dress at all like yours.

His clothes are so clean and neat

And his collar and cravat seem to look somehow or someway awfully nice, after seeing your husband's neck get-up.

It's starch.

Put your husband in Arrow Collars

And he's moved up as far as appearances can move a man up,

Into the Starched Collar Class.

And Starched Collars seem to make men take more pains with everything else that they wear.

ARROW COLLARS

C 212



*Your Light Socket
Supplies All Power*

THE *New* FRESHMAN ELECTRIC RADIO

acids } trouble } NO } water
batteries } } } excuses
makeshifts

Always Ready... Always Right

The cabinet panelled entirely of genuine mahogany, contains a large cone speaker mounted on a Baffle Board, which is placed in a remarkably resonant tone chamber, rendering exceptionally fine tone quality and "true-to-life" reproduction.

Freshman EQUAPHASE

COMPLETE READY TO
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\$185.00

INCLUDING NEW RCA
AC ELECTRIC TUBES

A Freshman development—licensed under patents; R C A—General Electric Co.,—Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. and American Tel. & Tel. Co.

CHAS. FRESHMAN CO., Inc., Freshman Building, New York



The ancient craft of fine leather-working found expression in the seventeenth century in the cavalier's equipment.



IN leather selection and upholstery work Packard standards are as high and exacting as in the precision manufacture of motor parts.

These requirements prevail in the studios and shops of America's foremost body builders who make a complete selection of custom bodies for both the Packard Six and Packard Eight.

Each body is truly custom-made in the strictest sense of the word. Each bears the name plate of its distinguished maker,

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

signifying that in beauty, comfort and distinction it is one of his masterpieces.

The All-Weather Town Car is one of the most interesting offerings.

This may be readily converted from closed to open use by removing the driver's compartment roof and folding back the leather top and quarters.

Custom body builders have long preferred to design creations for Packard chassis. No others afford the slender lines so necessary for yacht-like beauty.

"Lest we forget"



"It has been in this house fifty years. You can't find another piece like it. This, ladies and gentlemen, is genuine! What am I offered for it? These old treasures are going for a song. Give me a bid."

—While the auctioneer rattles on, some of the neighbors think of the old days of entertainment and open hospitality in that house. They wonder how long the proud and lonely mistress has been fighting off the inevitable. Inside, she hears the auctioneer's words—"genuine", "fifty years in this house", "old treasures"—every word a thrust to her heart.

* * *



© 1927 M. L. S. CO.

BABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they are and the older they are the more they need our love and care. For the helpless baby it is a sunny world. There is always someone ready to wait on him, to take care of him. Whether he laughs or whether he cries, the world smiles on him and tries to anticipate his every need.

But it is a gray, cheerless world for the tired, brave old soul who fails to get the care and waiting on and the affection she hungers for. And charity, when clumsily bestowed, stings almost as much as neglect.

A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens—especially when they realize the situation. I think it is fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

While charity takes care of the friendless and helpless, and science is finding out how to prevent physical aches and pains,

it remains for "society"—and that means all of us added together—to prevent old age from suffering one of its greatest sorrows—penniless dependence.

The United States and Canada pay bigger wages than other countries. Nearly all their workers earn enough to provide for old age. If they plan ahead, they may have in their years of retirement, not merely bare existence, but real comfort.



Almost every man and woman must face these five great hazards of life:

Death—which may come early, before one's dependents have been provided for.

Accident—always sudden and often causing lessened earning power.

Sickness—which may cause want as well as suffering.

Unemployment—which may bring distress to others in addition to the unemployed.

Dependent Old Age—which must seek charity if self-support is no longer possible.

"Society", through organized effort, with its millions of mutual life insurance policies, has done what no individual could do

alone. It has found a way to meet four of the five hazards.

Annuities for old age, protection in case of death, accident or sickness—almost every financial requirement can now be met by insurance. Only one problem is still unsolved—Employment Insurance—and that will follow. The day must come when every family will plan to meet the great hazards of life so that no member of it will face the need of charity.

Thousands of Metropolitan policyholders have asked how much of the family income should be expended for immediate necessities; how much for clothing; how much for food; how much for fuel; how much should be laid aside for protection. Our booklet, "Let Budget Help", answers these questions. A copy will be mailed free on request.

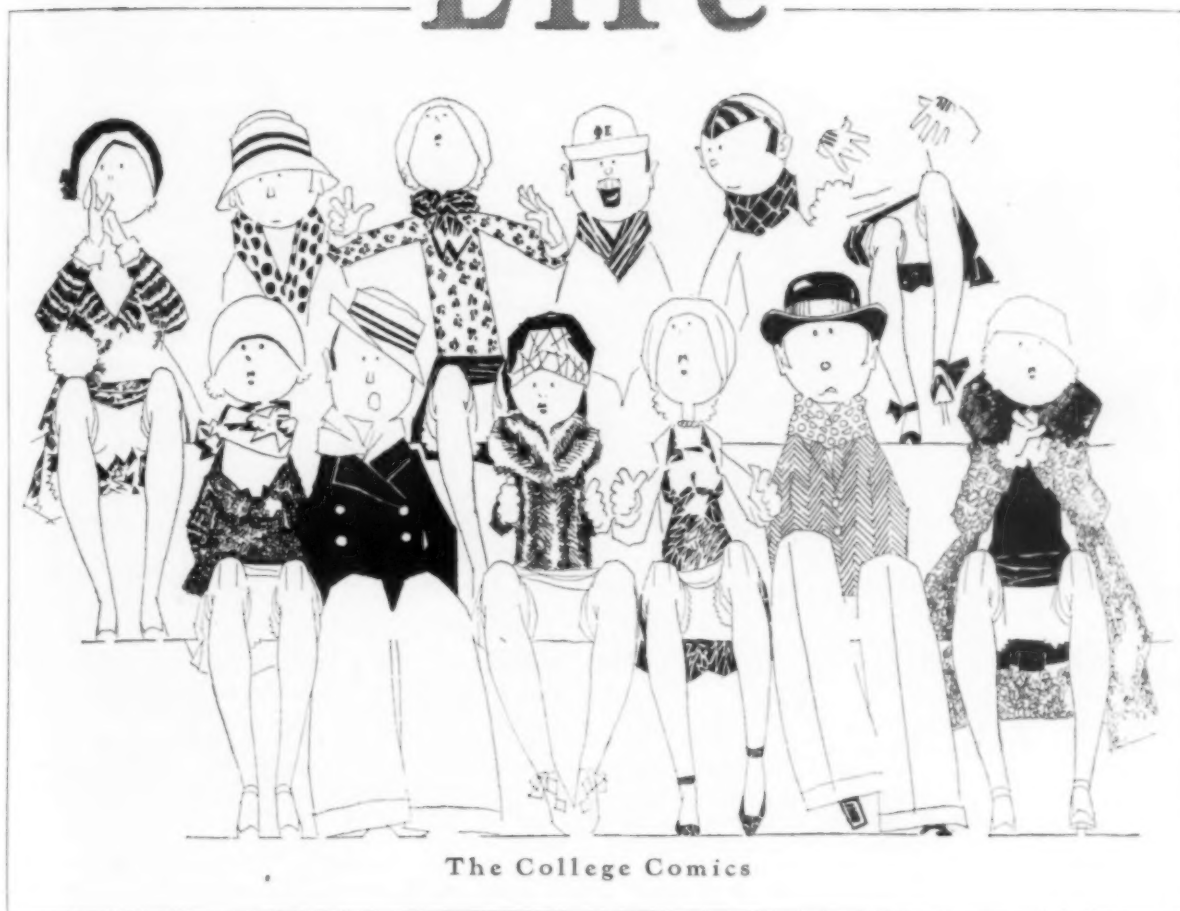
HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Life



The Wise-Cracking Sub-Title Writer Turns to Reporting

JOSEPH E. BISSING, of 108 Clinton Avenue, who is so dumb he thinks an Automat is something you wipe your feet on, was held up and robbed last night three blocks from his home in Blinkerville, New Jersey. Blinkerville is a big city. They moved the residential district across the street because they wanted to make room for the A. & P.

According to Bissing, he had just turned out of Suburbia Avenue, the town's most commodious thoroughfare. It can accommodate three lines of traffic—all bicycles. As he did so the yegg accosted him. The yegg was so hard he scratched his mosquito bites with a buzz saw. Bissing handed over thirteen dollars in cash, a scarf pin and his watch. Joseph hated to lose the watch as it was an heirloom. It had been in the family for three easy payments.

The Blinkerville police have been on the lookout

for the criminal, but no arrests have been made as we limp to press. The force is a big one; two hundred and fifteen pounds in his stockings. His father was only a traffic cop but he

doesn't stop at anything. They wanted the mayor to offer a reward but he's so mean he puts minnows in a red glass bowl to make his kids think they're goldfish. The whole case is the most mysterious in Blinkerville history. They solved the other one.

Parke Cummings.



He: THE FIRST TIME YOU CONTRADICT ME I'M GOING TO KISS YOU.
She: YOU ARE NOT!

Progressing

WILLIS: I've taken three lessons in French from a correspondence school.

GILLIS: So? Could you carry on a conversation with a Frenchman?

WILLIS: Oh, no, but I could talk to anybody else who had three lessons.

LAWYER: So you have only been married six weeks, yet seek a divorce. Upon what grounds?

FLAPPER: Inhuman cruelty. We were secretly married, and he actually makes me keep the secret.



"YOU KNOW, URSULA, WITH EACH DAY I CAN LITERALLY FEEL MYSELF GETTING MORE OLD-FASHIONED AND CONSERVATIVE."

O. O. McIntyre Has an Off-Day

DIARY of a modern Pepys: Early up and to breakfast with President Coolidge, William Randolph Hearst and Ethel Waters at the Ritz. Then for a turn in the park where I came upon King George of England, H. L. Mencken and the Dolly Sisters, eating of pomegranates on a bench. Did play leap-frog a while with this company and then to my stint. Came a committee of editors, Ray Long, George Horace Lorimer and Captain Will Fawcett, begging articles. In the evening to Long Island with my wife, where we waxed mirthful till the moon rode high with ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, One-Eyed Connelly and Chiang Kai-shek. And never wittier company did I see.

Thoughts while strolling: A group of chorus boys, trala, swimming in the Aquarium. The furtive air of Benito Mussolini as he enters a movie. There's George Bernard Shaw in a fez, bound for a Shrine convention. Those stuffed dummies that exclusive clubs plant in their windows. To impress columnists. Whatever became of Gene Tunney? The stroll ends. So does the column.

W. J. P.

A Good Guess

BIBLE CLASS TEACHER: Now, which of you children can tell me who it was that fed five thousand people on seven loaves of bread and—

TOMMY (shouting from the rear of the room): I bet it was the feller that makes the sandwiches down at the drug store.



Jacqueline: A KISS SPEAKS VOLUMES.
Jack: LET'S START A LIBRARY.

Night's Flushed and Vital Ecstasy Must Pass

DAWN'S cerise-tipped fingers find A purchase on night's ebony throat;
Thus, to violent death resigned, Must night succumb. A song-bird's note
Trilling brightly toward the blue Welcomes day; bids dark adieu.

Stars deny their vanquished selves
Unto our gaze, while through the trees
Sunbeams dance like infant elves
And blossoms burgeon, greeting these;
So, as earth with life's re-lit,
"Let's play one more round and quit."

Carroll Carroll.

Pipe Down!

HAVE you ever lived in a double house where the family upstairs have a radio, a phonograph, a piano, lots of chairs to bang around, and on top of that five children? Where the alarm clock rings every morning at five o'clock and the repeat keeps it going steadily until six at the earliest? Where the children are put to bed one at a time, starting at seven o'clock and ending at eleven? Where the people have spiked shoes and are taking dancing lessons by mail? Where they jump across the floor instead of walking like ordinary humans? Where, when you want to go to bed early, they have a party, or stay up and try to get Europe on their squawking radio, and when you have company, always let the water run over the sink and then go away and forget it? And above all of that, where they quarrel ALL the time?

I didn't know there were such people until the man who lives downstairs told me.

Scott Brown.

In the Dark

MALE VOICE: Hannah, is that young man still down there?

THE REPLY: Yeh, still as a monument, Papa.



Motorist (wildly): OFFICER—OFFICER! COME QUICK! I'VE RUN OVER A MOVIE ACTOR!
Hollywood Cop: SORRY, OLD CHAP—IT'S SUNDAY AND YOU CAN'T COLLECT YOUR BOUNTY UNTIL TO-MORROW.

The Nerves of Industry

"**MacNEEFUS** Beltun Leather. . . Who ya callun, please? . . . Misser Toozy? . . . Jussaminnut, I'll conneckya withum. . . Outsye call fa Misser Toozy — Oh, zat you, Misser Toozy? I been tryun ta get that party, buttay don't anssa. . . Awright, I'll tryum again right away. . . . Anso I sezz tooum, Anner, I sezz, 'How wozzye ta know ya wuz tryun ta get tha Hotel Algonkwun?' I sezz. 'Ya gaimme

tha number annye called um,' I sezz, 'buttye ainno telephone dreckry,' I sezz, 'annye dint know whether ya wuz callun tha Hotel Algonkwun atha Bronx Zoo,' I sezz. 'Thassall I knew aboutut,' I sezz, 'annye dint care half as mush,' I sezz, anne sezz, 'I mighta gesstut,' he sezz. 'Say,' he sezz, 'has they been a death ontha swishboard?' he sezz. 'Temmee when tha fewnrull is annile wait untl afferwards,' he sezz, annye sezz, 'Lissun, Misser Griffun,' I sezz, 'ya may be tha bossuz nevvew,' I sezz, 'but yar less anna cock-eyed stepson ta me,' I sezz. 'I'm runnin' iss swishboard,' I sezz, annile call tha numbers ya gimme,' I sezz, 'buttif, I sezz, 'ya expeck me ta rememer all tha plaisuss ya got wrote down inya date book,' I sezz, 'ya got tha wrong party,' I sezz, 'coz I ainno dreckry,' I sezz, 'annye ainno Get-Acquainned Club,' I sezz, 'annye ainno Agency fa Lonesome Guyls,' I sezz, anne wuz sa mad he hung up like a hat, Anner. . . . *Helllo. . . .* Yes, Misser Toozy, I been tryun ta gettum, buttay don't anssa. . . . Well, I'm sure I cannimajjun. . . . I thinkare line muss be outuv order. . . . Heze havun a fit, Anner. . . ."
Heman Fay, Jr.



The Bold Fellow!

Reggie: I WAS QUITE EMBARRASSED AT THE FREAK SHOW.
Percy: HOW WAS THAT?
Cholly: THE TATTOOED LADY CAUGHT ME STARING AT HER.

No Sale

"I WANT a pair of stockings for a lady."
 "Yes, sir. Nude?"
 "None of your business."

All Explained

PA: Our electric light bill is considerably less than last month. How do you suppose that happened?
MA: Well, for one thing, the vacuum cleaner was broken most of the time, and then Mabel's boy friend has quit being platonic.



THE MAN WHO TRIED TO ELOPE WITH A CASHIER GIRL.

Life's All-America

MISS KAY VERNON—eighteen and pretty, but a trifle dumb—is starting out to SEE AMERICA.

She is now in New York City—and during the next three months she will be steadily on the jump from East Coast to West Coast and return.

Each week she will write a letter to LIFE, in which she will set forth her experiences and observations. These letters will provide the basis of the All-America Travel Contest.

The answers to the Contest are to take the form of letters to Kay—in which you will tell her what mistakes she has made, and correct these mistakes. For example, if you read the following in one of her letters: "I looked out over New York Harbor and saw the Golden Gate," you will be expected to tell her that the Golden Gate is not in New York Harbor; that it is the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

There are individual weekly prizes for the best answers to each of Kay's letters.

What, you may ask, do we mean by "best"?

We mean this: those answers that detect and correct the greatest number of mistakes, and are expressed most effectively. You don't have to be funny. You don't have to be fancy. You must

Weekly Prizes

For the best answer to each of Kay Vernon's letters:

First Prize - - \$75.00

Three Second Prizes of \$25.00 each

* * *

Final Grand Prizes

For those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole:

First Prize - - - \$400.00

Second Prize - - \$200.00

Third Prize - - - \$100.00

be clear. You must be brief. (*Each answer to Kay's letters must be four hundred words or less.*)

Remember that Kay is going over the whole country—hitting the high-spots indicated on the map. Thus every one

will have a chance to win at least one prize. If you live in Seattle, for instance, and are unfamiliar with the Eastern cities, you can wait until Kay visits your home town and writes about subjects that are well known to you.

Of course, if you answer several of Kay's letters—or all of them—you will be in line for one of the final grand prizes.

There is no catch in this Contest. Kay's letters are those of a frank, naive young girl—and she uses no hidden meanings or trick codes. Don't try to read between the lines of Kay's letters; there's nothing there.

Read Kay's first letter, which appears herewith. Look for the misstatements of fact. Write Kay a letter, of no more than four hundred words, pointing out her mistakes and correcting them.

Send your letter to Kay, as directed in the Conditions. *It must reach LIFE's office not later than 12 noon on December 8th.*

Next week Kay's second letter (from Boston) will be published. Following that, she will visit Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and so on West.

This Contest is open to every one—man, woman or child. *Go to it!*



CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

THE object in this Contest is to detect and correct the mistakes in Kay Vernon's letters—the first of which appears in this issue. Subsequent letters will appear every week in LIFE (with the exception of the Christmas Number, December 1st), up to the February 9th issue, when the twelfth and final letter will be published.

Kay Vernon's tour will cover most of the principal cities of the United States, and each week her letters will include descriptions of the scenes and places she has visited. In these descriptions will be many errors and inaccuracies.

Every answer to this Contest must take the form of a letter to Kay Vernon, telling her what mistakes she has made, and correcting those mistakes.

The prizes will be awarded to those who detect and correct the greatest number of mistakes in each of Kay's letters, and who express themselves most effectively in their letters to her. Answers to this Contest do not have to be humorous or elaborate in presentation. They must be clear, concise and to the point.

Answers are limited to four hundred words each. There is no limit to the number of answers any one contestant may submit.

The answers to each of Kay's letters will be judged separately and the weekly prizes awarded accordingly. The grand prizes will be awarded to those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole. It is not necessary to answer all of Kay's letters to be eligible for the grand prizes.

All answers to this Contest must be addressed to KAY VERNON, LIFE, 398 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Answers to Kay's FIRST LETTER must reach LIFE's office not later than 12 noon on Thursday, December 8th. Announcement of the winners will appear in the December 22nd issue of LIFE.

All answers must be typewritten, or written legibly and neatly, using one side of the paper only. Each sheet of manuscript must be marked with the contestant's name and address.

In the event of a tie, the full prize will be given to each tying contestant.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

Travel Contest



Kay Vernon is now leaving New York for New Haven, New London, Newport, Providence and Boston. Next week her route will take her to Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit.

THIS IS KAY'S FIRST LETTER

New York, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR:

I'm leaving today for a tour of the United States—and I'm going alone—think of it, *alone!* Just like Lindbergh!

For the next three months, I'll be dashing madly about, hither and yon, to and fro and vice versa. I'll see the Ford motor factory in Pittsburgh, the public library in Chicago (maybe they'll have a bonfire while I'm there) and the Great Yellowstone Valley in California.

And every week, I'll write you a letter, telling you *all* that I've seen—well, maybe not quite all, because a girl has to have *some* secrets, don't you think so? I'm sure my letters will help to tell your readers some things about our country that they don't know.

These two days that I've had in New York have been positively frantic. I stayed at the Hotel Pennsylvania, and from the window of my room I could look

out over the whole of Central Park which is too lovely, particularly the statue of Nathan Hale (he's one of my pet heroes). I went over to the Town Hall on 43d Street to see Mayor Jimmy Walker (he's another hero of mine), but the attendant there said the Mayor was sleeping late or something.

I also took a trip down to Wall Street, where the famous Stock Exchange is located, and I went up to the top of the Woolworth Building on Broadway. From there I could see the ships coming in from Europe, and one of them had the *queerest* name; it was called the "Eel de France."

Well, I've got to start out now on my big trip—and if I get through the traffic alive, you'll hear from me later.

Lovingly,

KAY.

P. S.—I stop off tonight in New Haven and expect to get a terrible rush from the Harvard boys there.



Answer Kay's letter! Correct her mistakes!



Lady Ursula: DON'T YOU WANT TO GO ON RIDING?
Sir Nigel: NO, THANKS, I THINK I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT.

It's All Foolish

"OF course I don't believe in fortune-tellers and all that junk but I went to him just out of curiosity. Betty swears by him. She says he told her things about herself that even she didn't know. So I went to him just out of curiosity. Well, my dear, he said I had the most extraordinary crystal. He'd never seen a crystal as extraordinary as mine. He said my aura just glistened with fame and fortune. He said that I would make a wonderful writer. Yes, he said he saw pens in my crystal. And I'm going to travel. Maybe not this year but next year or the year after. He didn't say exactly where I was going but he distinctly saw a train or

a boat in my crystal. And listen to this, dear. He said I was going to marry a tallish, sort of dark man with grayish-brown eyes. Isn't that a perfect description of Fred? He isn't exactly tall but he is more dark



Student: DO YOU TAKE ECONOMICS 3A?

Collegiate: NO, I GET MY SLEEP AT NIGHT.

than light and his eyes are more gray than blue. I'm sure he means Fred. He said we'd be married next summer or the winter after that. It's really quite remarkable the things he tells you. Of course I don't really believe in fortune-tellers and I know it's all foolish but he's awfully good and you must go to him—just out of curiosity."

Robert Lord.

To Any Moving Picture Director

YOU may cut, you may title
 The film as you will,
 But the flavor of hokum
 Will cling to it still.



Just the Pose

Madge: HOW DO YOU LIKE THE LESSONS YOU'RE TAKING IN THE YOGI PHILOSOPHY?
Marjorie: THEY'RE JUST LOVELY, MY DEAR. THEY MAKE YOU TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES
 AND SIT CROSS-LEGGED ON A MAT.

A Few More Reasons Why I Love Him (By Her)

BECAUSE he dances well — but not too well.
 Because he ignores my other beaux —but never runs them down.
 Because, *au fond*, he is really terribly jealous of them all.
 Because he never argues with the headwaiter.
 Because he is occasionally wrong about things.
 Because, when thoroughly pickled, he will call up at 4:45 A. M. to tell me how much he loves me.
 Because, however pickled, he never tries to arrest a policeman.
 Because he hasn't a particularly smooth "line."
 Because he doesn't mind how much I muss his hair.
 Because he never tells me that I use too much rouge.
 Because I feel like a child in his arms.
 Because he knows when not to make love.
 Because he can give advice without lecturing.
 Because he never loses his temper.
 Because he is forgiving.

Because he doesn't pretend to be able to tell my fortune from my palm or guess my weight.

Because, when he waxes amorous, his voice is like moonlight on a summer sea.

Because he is always on time, but never boasts about it.
 Because he has a way of looking me straight in the eyes and stroking back my hair that simply sets me wild.
 Because he always knows just what to order for dinner.
 Because he wears his hat in a certain way.
 Because he never cross-examines me.
 Because he talks of going to Cashmere on our honeymoon.
 Because, after a quarrel, he is even more irresistible than ever.
 Because he is so helpless when he is ill.

C. G. S.



First Cocktail Shaker: THERE'S CERTAINLY GOING TO BE A TERRIBLE WAR BETWEEN HENRY FORD AND GENERAL MOTORS.

Second College Hero: YES — IT OUGHT TO BE THE RATTLE OF THE CENTURY.

Business Connection

COLLEGE GRAD: Sir, I would like to marry your daughter.

BIG BUSINESS MAN: I have no daughter.

COLLEGE GRAD: Then please introduce me to your partner.



The Gay Nineties

ABOUT TWICE A YEAR, BACK IN THE "MADE-BY-LOVIN'-HANDS-TO-HUM" NINETIES, THE BATTERED OLD DRESSMAKER'S DUMMY WAS TOTED DOWN FROM THE ATTIC TO PLAY THE LEADING RÔLE IN A HECTIC DRAMA. THEN THE DRESSMAKER ARRIVED AND FOR DAYS THE HOUSEHOLD REVERBERATED TO TALK OF GORES, GUSSETS AND GIMPS. BOLTS OF MATERIAL AND YARDS OF DUSTBRAID, WHALEBONE, WAIST-BANDS, LACE AND LINING WERE SLASHED AND BASTED AND GRADUALLY TOOK THE SHAPE OF *Harper's Weekly's* LATEST FASHION HINT. BUT EVEN AFTER THE DRESSMAKER HAD GONE MATTERS DID NOT IMMEDIATELY RETURN TO NORMALCY, FOR THERE WERE STILL MYRIADS OF HOOKS AND EYES TO BE SEWN ON BY THE FAMILY. *Nobody* EVER ALLOWED A DRESSMAKER AT A DOLLAR SEVENTY-FIVE A DAY TO DO THINGS LIKE *that*. SO REALLY IT WAS SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE IT WAS SAFE FOR FATHER TO WALK ABOUT ON HIS BARE FEET.

The Message

DEMOSTHENES strode along the beach, his robes fluttering in the wind, his great brow furrowed in deepest meditation. Lagos, his friend and disciple, followed him, always a step or two in the rear.

Lagos kept silent, not daring to disturb the master's trend of thought, fearing to break the thread of some intricate speculation, waiting for the message that was to shake the world. At last Demosthenes turned to him.

"Go!" he cried, his voice booming high above the roar of the waves. "Go! And tell King Philip that I certainly agree with Olympias that Athenian (They're Roasted) Cigarettes are the Best." *A. Watkins.*

Ella Coxey

ELLA COXEY keeps a house
That always looks new-
scrubbed and slick,
Has her hedgerows clipped to look
Like thumbnails cut below the
quick.

Has a lord who's prosperous, very,
Sees his insides get well filled,
Goes on every second Tuesday
To the Ladies' Temperance Guild.

On her shelf I found a book;
Chapter One began by stating:
"Woman owes it to herself
To be fascinating."

Dearing Ward.

A Couple of Amateur Football Players Discuss Things

"HOW'D the Athletic Association
treat you on that last game,
Bill?"

"Not so good, Joe. They deducted ten per cent for that muffed pass."

"Pretty raw, I'll say. These big schools are too independent."

"Yeah. But I got a better contract next year. A flat guarantee each game with a chance to cut in on the gate receipts."

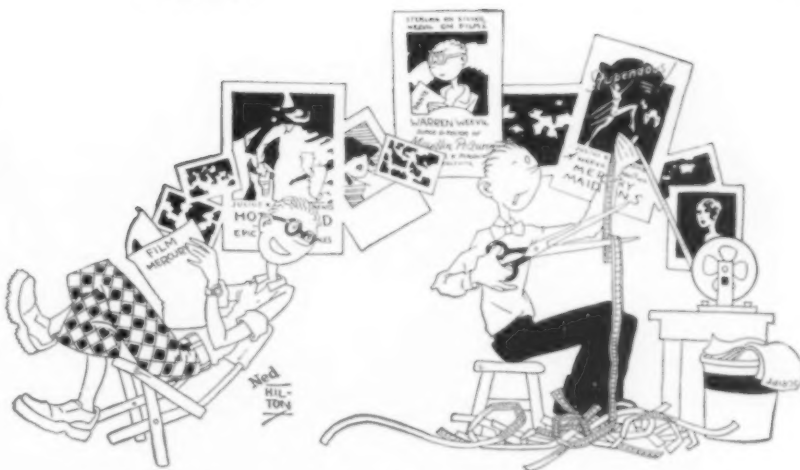
"Great stuff! I'm glad to hear you're getting along."

"Yeah. Well, so long, Joe."

"So long." *C. N. K.*



Blake: I HEAR THEY FOUND THE BOBBED-HAIRED MURDERESS GUILTY.
Towne: YES, BUT SHE'S MAKING A SEX APPEAL TO A HIGHER COURT.



Movie Director: WHAT DOES THIS HERE WORD "SUBTITLE" MEAN?
Assistant Moron: OH, THAT'S AN ABBREVIATION FOR SUBTITLE.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

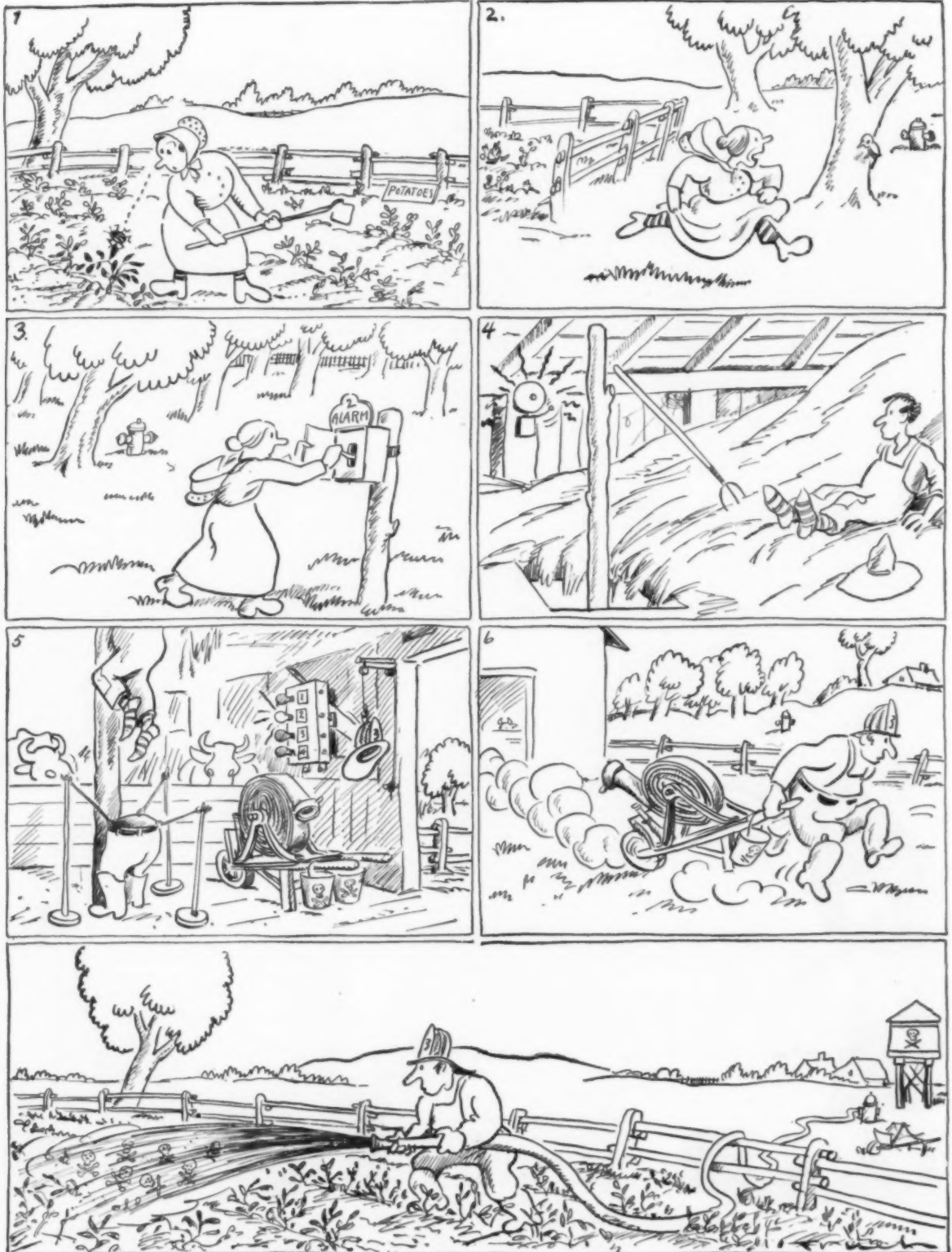
October
26th

A great lecture this morning from my husband, poor wretch, to the effect that I must cease telling people, in especial total strangers, that the sleeves of my new teagown cost thirty-four dollars a yard, but I shall pay him no heed, for I am more pleased with the garment than with anything that ever I owned in my life except the rose diamond lorgnettes that I bought on the Ponte Vecchio, and I am sure that Mr. Bullen, to whom Sam overheard me confiding, was more amused than shocked by my display of vanity. Reading more in the journals about the slayer with a complex against knives, and with extreme interest, too, for I have a similar aversion so deep-seated that I am at some pains to change victrola needles, cannot be trusted with a can-opener and oftentimes had liefer forego a choice piece of beefsteak on my plate than manipulate the steel blade required to cut it. This poor butcher the only other case to come to my notice, and it does seem strange indeed that knives should have been the main implements of his trade, and that one merely brandished at him should have

caused him to do murder. Lord! I do sincerely hope that nobody ever flourishes a typewriter at me! To the shops betimes, to search for material to cover our couch, buying this and that in the serene consciousness that all my accounts are settled, for when I do make purchases in an establishment wherewith I have not paid up for the preceding month, I do feel, ordering even such a trifle as a yard of footing, that the salespeople are whispering amongst themselves, and I should not be astonished if the head aisle man detained me (*Please turn to page 30*)



Wife (tearfully): J-JOHN, I'M ASHAMED TO TELL YOU, BUT WE HAVE NO MONEY LEFT, AND THE INSTALLMENT MAN HAS COME TO TAKE AWAY YOUR CIGARETTE LIGHTER.



The Fireman Who Went "Back to the Farm"

A Friend in Need

SCENE: Part of a city street. There has just been an accident.

A MAN (pushing his way through the crowd): Hey, what goes on here? Oh—if it ain't George! George Twill, of all people! Are ya hurt, George?

THE VICTIM (incoherently): Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MAN: How ya been, George? Gosh, I ain't seen you f' donkey's years. I'm doin' pretty good m'self. Woolens. Well, how are ya, George? Ya married?

THE VICTIM (as before): Oh! Oh! Oh!

A POLICEMAN: Hey—do you know this guy?

THE MAN: Know him? Know George Twill? I hope to tell you I do. Say, you ought to hear this guy tell funny stories. He's a card! Hey, George, tell the cop the one about the coon that got married...

THE VICTIM: Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MAN: I guess he don't feel so good. Wait—I'll sit down on the curb beside ya, George. I ain't proud. Say...that's a pretty nice suit you got on, George. I know. I'm in woolens. But ya hadn't ought to let it get all over grease like that.



"I'M SO SORRY I'M LATE, DEAR, BUT I THOUGHT I'D HELP JOE WASH THE CAR—HE NEVER DOES GET THE SPOKES CLEAN."

THE VICTIM: Oh! Oh! Oh! For God's sake!

THE POLICEMAN: You a friend of this guy?

THE MAN: I hope to tell you. Him and me are like that! (to the crowd.) I'm sorry, folks—I guess George don't feel so good. But you ought to hear him when he gets goin'. (To the victim.) Come on, Georgie—take a brace on yourself.

THE VICTIM: Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MAN: Weil, that's how it is. If he won't, he won't. But the times I've had with this little old guy. George, do ya remember the night the three of us said we was goin' t' do all th' saloons?...

THE POLICEMAN: Ah, he won't tell it. You tell it.

THE MAN: Well, nothin' much happened in the first five or six saloons, see? But in the seven'... (An ambulance drives up.)

THE AMBULANCE SURGEON (pushing through the crowd): Hey, where's the guy that's hurt?

THE VICTIM (indicating his friend): There he is! (He takes the policeman's stick and bastes the man over the head with it.)

CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.

Maxim

EARLY to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy
and wise;
And (though it isn't observed in this
jingle)
Men who live this way are apt to
stay single.

J. McC.



Mother: NOW JUST FOR THAT REMARK YOU WILL STAY IN YOUR ROOM ALL MORNING.

Doris: I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD PUNISH ME LIKE THAT; WE WERE ALL CHILDREN ONCE.



Sunday School Teacher: NOW DOES ANY LITTLE BOY OR GIRL KNOW WHAT THE ISRAELITES WERE LOOKING FOR WHEN THEY WENT OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS?

Little Willie: YES, MA'AM, I KNOW. PARKING SPACE.

Headed for the White House

"WELL, my boy," said the friend of the family, "do you like candy?"

"Candy in moderation has its advocates," replied the precocious infant. "On the other hand, there is much to be said against its use."

The friend of the family tottered with surprise. But he decided to try again.

"I'll wager you're glad winter's here," he ventured. "Coasting and snow-balling; lots of fun, eh?"

The precocious infant gave the subject some thought.

"Well," he answered finally, "I don't know. There's good fun in winter, but as far as that goes, there's good fun in the other seasons, too."

The friend of the family reached for a chair and hung on. In vulgar metaphor, he took the count of nine and came back.

"You're looking forward to old Santa Claus, you rascal, I'll warrant," he said with assumed gaiety. "Christmas Eve, my boy, eh?"

"As to that," replied the precocious infant, "I should prefer not to be quoted. Certainly not until after Christmas."

Afterward, in conversation with the child's mother, the friend of the family fairly sparkled with enthusiasm.

"He's sure to grow up and run for President of the United States," was

the glowing prophecy he gave her. "He positively refuses to commit himself on any subject." A. H. F.

Add Fairy Tales

ONCE upon a time there was a town where the richest man in it always paid the most taxes.



"QUICK, JARVIS! MY BEST BOOTS! I THINK I'M DYING!"

An Errand

IF to-morrow is good weather,
I'm going to the town;
For I have to buy a feather,
A most important feather,
Of red or green or brown.

I don't just know at present
The bird that I may choose;
An ostrich feather's pleasant,
Or else a golden pheasant,
Or peacock, with its hues.

I'm not quite certain whether
I'd like the Northern Loon;
But, take it all together,
I have to have that feather,—
And I have to have it soon!
Say, by to-morrow morning—
Or Wednesday afternoon.

For,
I mean to use that feather,
That I come back from town
with,—
That most important feather,
To—
Knock some people down with!
Carolyn Wells.

"I Wanted You to Be the First to Know"

DEAR BILL:
I am writing to you because I wanted you to be the first to know of my engagement to Roswell Whittle who I really feel after thinking it over is the only man I could ever marry although I adore you, Bill, and always want you for a friend and I will never forget how very sweet you have always been to me and am terribly fond of you just the same only I have decided definitely to marry Roswell. He is tall, dark and simply fascinating and is a Harvard man which is awfully funny because I never thought I'd ever marry a Harvard man because all my friends are practicably all Yale or Princeton men—isn't it killing? It just shows you never can tell, can you? Of course I'm all agog about it because I only decided the other day because I simply couldn't make up my mind about Roswell because I adore you, Bill, only somehow I feel I am not the wife for you. I think perhaps we know each other too well but I am awfully sorry about it because I adore you, Bill, but think this is for the best. Ros-



NORMAN LYND.

Action!

Coach (between halves): WHY, YOU FLAT-FOOTED, CHEESE-HEADED, BAT-EYED !!!—!!@!!!—!!% %!!! WHY DIDN'T YOU NAIL THAT RUNNER? THE WAY HE WAS COMING AT YOU A BABY COULD 'A' SPILLED THAT GUY! YOU JUST SAT RIGHT DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM—YOU sat, YOU HOG-BRAINED IDIOT! WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH YOU?

Mar Who Missed the Tackle: WELL, Y'SEE, COACH, I WORKED IN A FOOTBALL PICTURE ON THE COAST THIS SUMMER AND THAT HALFBACK LOOKED JUST LIKE RICHARD DIX.

well is awfully broadminded and we have talked it all over and have decided that we can both see our friends just the same after we are



He: WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

She: HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE YOU?

He: ABOUT A DOLLAR AND A HALF.

She: IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHERE I'M GOING.

married and I hope it isn't going to make any difference to you that I am married because I adore you, Bill, and want to see you loads after I am married because Roswell won't mind and of course you must come to the wedding. Do you remember how we used to say we'd get married in that cute little church on Everett Street? Well, it's too funny because that is the very church Roswell picked out. Isn't it killing? It just shows you never can tell, can you? Please come to see me soon, Bill, and I know you will understand my writing you this because I adore you and wanted you to be the first to know. I know this will all make you as happy as I am because you are so fond of me as I am of you.

As ever lovingly,

SANDIE.

Lloyd Mayer.

Proud of It

JOE: What do you do when a man tries to kiss you?

JOAN: I tell every girl I know.

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Life



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE Monday morning papers that give a page to reports of what the ministers said the day before are almost always interesting on that page. For example, they reported on the last Monday in October that our lively though somewhat bituminous Brother Straton, of the big Baptist Church on West 57th Street, had concluded his service the night before by an hour devoted to healing by the laying on of hands. The healing was done by a lay brother who had himself been cured of something by this means and in that church. The results, as reported, of the treatments were good. Some people were helped by them.

There is nothing unusual nowadays about this and kindred methods of alleviating disease. They are going on in many places through all sorts of agencies, ecclesiastical, pious but irregular, and secular. The great Christian Science organization deals presumably in spiritual cures, but it has no monopoly of them. No one has any monopoly of them. Reports of them read a good deal like patent medicine reports but the cures do seem to happen and are worth notice and observation.

The more so because they are cheap! A writer in the October *Atlantic* about the cost of illness in the United States says it is about one-third of the cost of running the Government. It certainly is very formidable. The standard of medical care is constantly rising and so is the expense of it. In the papers at this writing is a picture of the proposed plan of the New York Hospital and Cornell Medical College. It is a

handsome picture and should be, for the building, over by the East River, is to cost eleven million dollars. Another vast hospital aggregation, as will be recalled, has been erected uptown at 168th Street. It is very, very big and was very expensive. An organ of the State Charities Aid Association has a picture of a new State Psychiatric Hospital which is building for the State of New York as part of this imposing Medical Center. Very handsome, very big indeed, with tall towers; necessary undoubtedly, useful of course, called for by the Governor, who does not call for expenditures without due consideration, to be paid for in due time by the taxpayers.



THIS is a period of construction.

It was never so dear as now and there was never so much of it. If this matter of hospital construction was going to settle anything, if we were putting up hospitals enough for everybody, which would continue to handle the job for a generation or two, that would be one thing, but more likely they will be swamped in four or five years by increase of patients. Hospital building seems to be as steady and continuous an expenditure as that for cemeteries. Here is a matter about which it would be nice to be instructed where we get off. How much is life worth in dollars and can we afford the present rates? In so far as spirit can be made to cure the body and save us hospital expenses, by all means let us get it done. The

present idea is that hospital charges shall be related to the income of the patient, that the poor shall pay very little and the rich a great deal. That is done and sometimes overdone and usually works pretty well, but for the people who are neither rich nor poor but are used to pay for what they get, a considerable illness alleviated by contemporary skill with all the modern improvements may be a crushing financial calamity. The suggestion that what rich people pay for hospital experiences shall be deducted from their income tax as money spent for charity has really a good deal to recommend it.



IT was in the paper the other day that, Wayne Wheeler being dead and the terror diminished, the Government had given 1,300 odd cases of champagne and substantial quantities of other stimulants to the Army hospitals. That is a step in the right direction. All the captured rum that is fit to drink ought to be given to the hospitals. Maybe they would credit some of it on the patients' bills. But it is not at all that the hospitals are extortionate nor the best of the doctors greedy. What confronts us is a situation. Can our present economic system carry the present cost of health?

BETWEEN the cost of health, the cost of motor cars, and of chewing gum, and of cosmetics, and of cigarettes, and of bootleggers' supplies, the cost of the necessities of life seems to be running quite a lively race with the national income. Education is getting very dear and is under close examination to determine whether it is worth its price. Brother Brisbane, in speaking of the prices paid by book collectors for their treasures, says, what would this or that library give for the books of Voltaire, bought, the whole lot of them, by Catherine Second of Russia, moved from Ferney to St. Petersburg and now in the keeping of the Soviet Government, books many of them with copious marginal notes in Voltaire's handwriting? They would bring a good price in the current market, of course, but public libraries and college libraries must have other uses for money than to spend it on collectors' hobbies.

E. S. Martin.



Thanksgiving Proclamation in Chicago

Li



Shang

Life



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Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Arabian. *Eltinge*—Reviewed in this issue.
The Belt. *Playwrights*—Better than most of the experiments below Fourteenth Street. A serious drama of industrial strife.

Civic Repertory. *Fourteenth St.*—The Eva Le Gallienne company in worthy work. See daily papers for program.

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—With Helen Hayes. To be reviewed next week.

Dracula. *Fulton*—A little whimsy about blood-sucking vampires and walking corpses. Just charming.

An Enemy of the People. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in Ibsen, and very good, too.

Escape. *Booth*—Reviewed in this issue.
Four Walls. *John Golden*—Well-acted but slightly phony-sounding gangster drama.

Hidden. *Lyceum*—All about a lady who was so inhibited that she exploded. Philip Merivale is the cause of it all and Beth Merrill the lady.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—An effectively straightforward account of the tough breaks a Negro gets.

Ink. *Biltmore*—To be reviewed next week.

Interference. *Empire*—Good, regulation London melodrama, given considerable distinction by A. E. Matthews and a good cast.

John. *Klaw*—With Ben-Ami and Constance Collier. To be reviewed next week.

The Ladder. *Lyric*—There were eight people at this one night last week—so the show moved to a bigger house.

The Letter. *Morosco*—Katharine Cornell carrying a thin drama by Somerset Maugham without any difficulty, but also without any particular benefit to her.

Nightstick. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed later.

Porgy. *Guild*—A production by the Theatre Guild which is remarkable in many ways, among them the fact that the cast is almost entirely Negro.

The Spider. *Music Box*—Murder mystery which survives on its unusual stunt characteristics.

The Stairs. *Bijou*—Not to be confused with Fred and Adele. To be reviewed later.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—Considerable excitement in a courtroom over accusations made against Ann Harding. Rex Cherryman defends her and the whole thing is highly satisfactory.

Women Go On Forever. *Forrest*—Fairly uncooth but at times powerful tabulation of the sins the weaker sex is heir to, with Mary Boland.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—It is reported that this has moved up to the Bronx Opera House. We probably shall never know whether it really has or not.

And So to Bed. *Shubert*—Wallace Eddinger as Mr. Pepys. To be reviewed later.

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—Grant Mitchell in a light but highly amusing farce in which a small dog is the villain.



Tramp: I BEEN OUTA WORK FOR TWO WEEKS, MUM, AN' I GOT A WIFE AND FOUR KIDS AT HOME STARVING.

Lady of the House: DEAR ME, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

Tramp: I WAS THINKIN' MAYBE YOUSE COULD GIVE ME A CUP OF COFFEE AN' A SANDWICH, MUM.

Behold This Dreamer. *Cort*—With Glenn Hunter. Reviewed in this issue.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—You tell us for a change.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—Hal Skelly as the small-time hooter in a comedy with several very fine moments.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone in elementary sex manoeuvres for pseudo-sophisticates.

The Fanatics. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

Her First Affaire. *Bayer*—Innocuous dialogue on a no longer daring subject.

Il. *Little*—Reviewed in this issue.

Immoral Isabella? *Riis*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—A fantasy by A. A. Milne which gets just a itty bitty whimsy-whamsey before the evening is over. Henry Hull plays the Kingsy-wingsy.

The Mulberry Bush. *Republic*—To be reviewed next week.

The 19th Hole. *Cohan*—Frank Craven in good golfing comedy.

Out of the Night. *Liberty*—Burlesque melodrama.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—History given a certain personal touch by Jane Cowl and many amusing lines.

The Shannons. *Martin Beck*—James Gleason and Lucille Webster in a series of honest-to-gosh laughs and throat-catchers. Not a Pulitzer Prize contender, but a good show.

The Springboard. *Mansfield*—Pleasant dialogue spoken by Madge Kennedy and Sidney Blackmer.

Take My Advice. *Belmont*—To be reviewed next week.

The Taming of the Shrew. *Garvick*—In modern dress and greatly improved over the old way. Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis head the cast.

The Wasp's Nest. *Wallack's*—Not much.

Weather Clear, Track Fast. *Hudson*—Joe Laurie, Jr., in good old-fashioned entertainment dealing with horse-racing.

This Wicked Age. *Daly's*—With May West. To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—With Florence Moore, Ted Lewis and others. To be reviewed later.

Chauve-Souris. *Cosmopolitan*—An extended engagement of M. Balieff's ingenuous entertainment.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed next week.

The Desert Song. *Imperial*—This one keeps trying to get out of town, but can't. It must be good.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw in successful entertainment.

Follies of 1927. *New Amsterdam*—Eddie Cantor surrounded by Mr. Ziegfeld's best.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A dancing show with all kinds of speed.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Competition doesn't seem to affect this favorite one way or the other and there is no particular reason why it should.

Just Fancy. *Casino*—Very nice indeed. Raymond Hitchcock and Eric Blore furnish the comedy, with Santley and Sawyer for dancing.

The Love Call. *Majestic*—One of those big ones.
Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—Well, it seems that Ed Wynn is in it.

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger's*—George M. Cohan in something of his own.

The Mikado. *Royale*—A de luxe revival.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—The Civil War fought by chorus boys and girls.

Sidewalks of New York. *Knickerbocker*—Ray Dooley in a fast dancing show.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—An eye-ful, including Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler.

Yes, Yes, Yvette. *Sam H. Harris*—More or less regulation, with Herbert Corthell and Jack Whiting.



Six of One, Etc.

IT is a bit of a shock, under a title as impressive as "Behold This Dreamer," to discover a satirical comic-strip such as Fulton Oursler and Aubrey Kennedy have written for Glenn Hunter. Without knowing a thing about George Kelly's forthcoming "Behold the Bridegroom," we will bet that it is worthier of the biblical association. It is too bad that Mr. Oursler used it first.

There is a very nice idea behind "Behold This Dreamer" and every now and again it breaks through the net-work of gags and babbitt-baiting which has been thrown over it and shows what it might have been. As in "Sandalwood," Mr. Oursler's earlier attack on the Philistines of Rotary, a really fine dramatic theme has been crowded out of a hearing by piccolo notes of topical satire. The Giant Babbitt is already black-and-blue and doesn't care anyway. It is unfortunate that an adherence to a lost cause and a passion for random wise-cracking should have been allowed to interfere with such a good play as the authors had within their grasp.

Glenn Hunter again demonstrates the power of personal appeal and his skill at heart-wringing by making an individual success of "Behold This Dreamer" in spite of the fact that you can't understand a word he says in the first act.



A PLAY which sets out to make a certain point and does so in quick marching time is Galsworthy's "Escape." Granted that the point it is making is not a new one and granted that its progress is achieved by turning it into a series of episodes, nevertheless we found "Escape" unusually moving and even thrilling.

It is not so much a point as a problem which Mr. Galsworthy presents, much as he did in "Loyalties," and with the same fine-pointed pencil, although "Escape" is not to be compared with "Loyalties" as a play. Nothing is. The progress of the escaped convict across the moors, with the gradual closing-in of Society around him topographically represented by the descent from open moors to the valley, from valley to gravel pit, and from gravel pit to a wardrobe in a vestry, could not be otherwise shown than episodically, and, as we get little time for reading and were therefore unaware of the play's ending, it kept us pretty fairly well on the edge of our seat. And the willingness to help the convict to escape, evinced by at least one person in each episode, gave us a great glow each time it happened. Seven episodes, seven glows—not bad for an old cynic.

Of course, the fact that Leslie Howard as the es-

caped convict gives the best performance of his career, or of many other careers, may have something to do with our enthusiasm for "Escape."



THE old Neighborhood Playhouse troupe are now known as "The Actor-Managers," and with some additions to their number are presenting Dunsany's "If" at the Little Theatre. The premise of "If" is sufficient to make it interesting to the average theatre-goer. A man is given the chance to live over again one moment in his life of the preceding ten years, with the resultant changes in his career guaranteed to take place in the space of one day. This immediately throws the audience into such a frenzy of introspection and speculation over the moments they themselves would like another chance at, that for a time the progress of the play is forgotten. Which is quite all right, as Lord Dunsany says the same thing over again so many times that whole chunks of it can be missed without loss to the continuity.

The general effect of "If," however, is interesting. The man in the play (well portrayed by Walter Kingsford) chooses to catch a train that he missed ten years before, with the result that he ends up in Persia. Most of us would probably have chosen something much more significant-sounding and perhaps with much less drastic change in the net result.



IN "The Arabian," Walker Whiteside is another of those cool, inscrutable Orientals who wear turbans with dress-suits when they are with the English, but in their native haunts in the desert wrap themselves up in chintz curtains and leer. He really is a good chap at heart, though, and you would be surprised to see how—and why—he cares for the young white woman. Or maybe you wouldn't be surprised.



WE broke our own record for quick exits at "Immoral Isabella?" staying only long enough to get the general trend of the first six or seven speeches. If it turns out that we should, in our line of duty, report on it, we will go back, but we have every confidence that this will not be necessary.

Robert Benchley.



CLEAN COMEDIES FOR CHURCH AND SCHOOL



"A Matter of Breeding" - - - An Elegant Drama of High Society

CHARACTERS

HON. GREGORY DELROY,

A young swell

MRS. DELROY,

His mother, a Society leader

ESTHER TANGAY,

A ballet dancer, beloved by Gregory

MISS SUZANNE O'HARA,

A young lady of fashion

BRIDGET *Suzanne's old nurse*

SCENE: *A Fashionable Drawing-Room in New York.*

MRS. DELROY (*to her son*): Gregory, it is now high time you were married and established, and after careful search I have at last found a young person your equal in family fortunes and accomplishments. She is a Miss Suzanne O'Hara. You will espouse her. It is my wish. (*Enter SUZANNE.*)

GREGORY: Nay, Mother, I cannot. My affections are already bestowed upon a girl of humble birth, a simple ballet dancer. (*Enter ESTHER.*) Why, here she comes now. My Mother—Miss Esther Tangay. We are engaged to be married.

MRS. DELROY (*examining ESTHER through a lorgnette*): Married? But think of the difference in your stations. Think of our rank. Think of our box at the opera.

SUZANNE: And what would Society say? A ballet dancer, indeed! No decent house would receive her.

MRS. DELROY: Suzanne is right, Gregory. You cannot marry this creature.

GREGORY: But, Mother, I love her. She is like wine in my veins.

MRS. DELROY (*to ESTHER*): And do you love my son?

ESTHER: True love is all a woman has to give. I do.

MRS. DELROY (*aside*): The best blood of New York is insulted by this match. I must expose her. (*To ESTHER.*) Tell me, my child, who was your mother before she was married?

ESTHER (*aside*): Alas, my secret is out. (*Aloud, drawing herself up to her full height.*) My mother was DIVORCED!

MRS. DELROY: Ah. And was your father in trade?

ESTHER (*hanging her head*): He was. He owned a steel mill.

MRS. DELROY: It is as I feared. (*To GREGORY.*) See, Gregory, what disgrace you would have brought upon our proud name. Your engagement to Miss O'Hara will be announced to-morrow.

GREGORY: It is so. I will perform my duty though it break my heart. (*He embraces SUZANNE.*)

SUZANNE: Ah, happiness.

MRS. DELROY: Spoken like a man, my son. (*To ESTHER.*) Woman, there is the door. Go!

ESTHER: I go. I have learned my lesson and in future I shall try to be content with that station in life to which it has pleased God to call me. (*She starts to go.*)

BRIDGET (*rushing in*): Begorra, me ould conscience has been a-troublin' me. (*Pointing to ESTHER.*) She is no ballet girl. She is the rightful Miss O'Hara.

SUZANNE (*turning pale*): Then I am not what I seem? Was I then a spurious child changed in the cradle by an unnatural nurse?

BRIDGET: Begorra, you were. I changed you meself. You are a ballet girl, begorra!

ESTHER: Then shall I be a lady?

GREGORY: No. You shall be my wife. (*He folds her in his arms.*)

SUZANNE: But what is to become of my social position?

BRIDGET: Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood, begorra. (*She is stabbed by SUZANNE, and falls R. C. as,*

THE CURTAIN GOES DOWN.)

W. W. Scott.



"BUT WHAT IS TO BECOME OF MY SOCIAL POSITION?"



"WE ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED."

In One Easy Lesson

THE grim Mr. Bliffkins sat amazed as I broke casually into French over the telephone.



When Pressures Meet

First Salesman: I JUST CALLED ON ABIE GOLDMAN.

Second Salesman: WHAT DID HE SELL YOU?

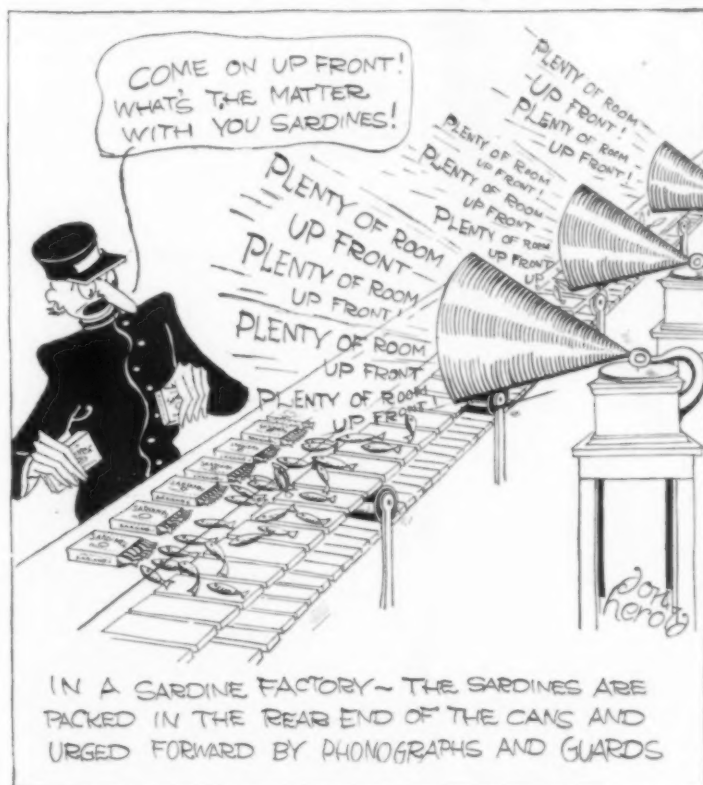
"Je vous en beaucoup! Même vous? Allons! Cabaret, table d'hôte, filet mignon. Oui? Embrasse-moi bon soir? Au revoir."

When I put down the telephone Mr. Bliffkins gazed at me curiously. "That job as Paris buyer is yours," he stated in his curt, unemotional manner. "I don't understand a word of French and any one that can speak it as fluently as you certainly commands my admiration."

I sighed with relief when I realized that my big chance had come and found me ready. Now I must give credit where it is due. I owe it all to the Legion Convention. J. L. D.

"THEY say Jones is going in the hole trying to provide for his four girls."

"Yes—he calls them his *debutante* daughters."



IN A SARDINE FACTORY—THE SARDINES ARE PACKED IN THE REAR END OF THE CANS AND URGED FORWARD BY PHONOGRAPHS AND GUARDS

Behind the Scenes of a Great Industry

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"I ADMIRE her TERRIBLY, my dear—I ACTUALLY DO!"

I mean I think it's SIMPLY MARVELOUS how she's sort of got right OUT and made her own WAY and all, don't you REALLY think it IS? And 'SPECIALLY when you THINK how unatTRACTive she is, my dear! I mean she's HOMEly as a mud FENCE and no MAN would ever LOOK at her so it would have been AWfully sort of foolish of her to just sit HEAVILY waiting to get MARRIED. I REALLY think it's TERribly sort of paTHETic because I think she FEELS it, sort of. I mean she's the sort of sentimental TYPE that is simply DYING for a little LOVE and affection! Of COURSE she made a perfect FOOL of herself over Bobbie DESmond. I mean he just sort of led her ON,

sort of, and I mean simply EV'rybody was TALKing about what a FOOL she made of herself. HONestly, my dear, I think it was really TOO paTHETic. But, ANYways, it's SIMPLY MARVELOUS what she's DONE. Because when you THINK of all she's had to live DOWN, sort of—that rePELlent FAM'ly—you know her FATHER never had a CENT and that odd BROTher, my dear, is a HALF-wit or something—can you BEAR it? ACTually, my dear, I think it's SIMPLY SPLENDid what she's MADE of herself when you think of all she's gone THROUGH, sort of. But I HONestly don't think success MEANS anything to her, do you really think it DOES, my dear? I mean she looks AWfully sort of unHAPPY and all, do you know what I mean? But ANYways, my dear, I think it's SIMPLY MARVELOUS how she's sort of got right OUT and made her own WAY, sort of, and I admire her TERribly, my dear—I mean I ACTUALLY DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Almost Fatal

"I WAS shot in the chest while in Chicago."

"But I thought you always wore a bullet-proof vest."

"I do, but the one I had on had been to a laundry."

MARRIAGE is a very ancient institution. Practically all our knowledge of old Assyria is gleaned from shattered pottery.



"The Fair Co-Ed"

IN view of the substantial protests raised by the Irish over "The Callahans and the Murphys," I think it not unlikely that the college students of America will rise up in righteous wrath and heave a few bricks in theatres where "The Fair Co-Ed" is being shown. Certainly, if such a demonstration does occur, it will have my personal support.

I have seen many terrible college movies in my day, but this one wins the mottled oyster. It is just plain awful.

THE heroine is an obnoxious girl named *Marion Bright* (this being one of the deliciously humorous touches with which the film abounds). She is impersonated by Marion Davies, who is sometimes an adroit comedienne, but not this time.

Marion goes to Bingham College, a co-educational institution at which, the night before the big basketball game with Claxton (the ancient rival), all the students turn out for a rally on the campus, wearing their pajamas and nighties. The boys and girls of Bingham are an irrepressible group of fun-makers, who are

always saying and doing the most comical things.

Here is an example of the repartee which goes on constantly in the Bingham dorms:

"You mustn't go out on the campus dressed like that. It's been forbidden by our dean. One can't."

"Well, I am going out. It's been permitted by sardine. One can."

Clever is no name for it.

ONE of these days a Hollywood sub-title writer named Joe



The Young Bride: I'M LOOKING FOR AN APARTMENT.

The Friend: WHAT STYLE?

The Bride: ONE OF THOSE WHERE IT IS ILLEGAL TO COOK.

Farnham will be found foully murdered; and when that happens I can be of great assistance to the police in tracking down the guilty party. Indeed, I'll predict now that their trail will lead to the little town of Brook, Indiana, home of George Ade, the original author of "The Fair Co-Ed."

"Tell It to Sweeney"

ALTHOUGH "Tell It to Sweeney" sounds like another of those "Cohen's and Kelly's Kosher Colleen" atrocities, it is actually an uproariously funny comedy with no racial propaganda to mar it.

George Bancroft and Chester Conklin are in it, and work together as an excellent team. They are railroad engineers, and one of them is in love with the other's daughter—which about summarizes the plot.

Most of the action takes place on the railroad tracks, and is productive of spinal thrills as well as abdominal laughs.

Gregory La Cava, who directed "Tell It to Sweeney," deserves a regular cheer.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent

Jesse James. Fred Thomson as the famous bandit who, it seems, was just a whimsical, wholesome, lovable boy.

East Side, West Side. The story of a man's rise in New York City, which is fine at first but weak toward the end. George O'Brien is good all the way through.

The Magic Flame. Ronald Colman, as a clown, and Vilma Banky, as a tight-rope walker, in a glamorous romance.

We're All Gamblers. A painfully poor melodrama, in which Thomas Meighan tries hard but hopelessly.

Three's a Crowd. Please don't misunderstand me if I confess that I have a terrible crush on Harry Langdon.

The Woman on Trial. Pola Negri is her old magnetic self in this courtroom drama.

The Drop Kick. An over-plotted and

Developments

somewhat silly college story, which isn't helped even by Richard Barthelmess.

Carmen. Strenuous necking in and about the bull ring, with Dolores Del Rio being extremely voluptuous.

The Cat and the Canary. Laura La Plante in a thriller that actually thrills.

College. Buster Keaton as a sad freshman.

Old San Francisco. If the earthquake had been delayed another minute, Dolores Costello would have found herself in a highly compromising situation.

Service for Ladies. Adolphe Menjou in a really well-bred comedy.

The Student Prince, Wings, The Garden of Allah, The Patent Leather Kid, Sunrise, The King of Kings, Seventh Heaven, The Way of All Flesh, What Price Glory and **Underworld** are all worthy of attention.

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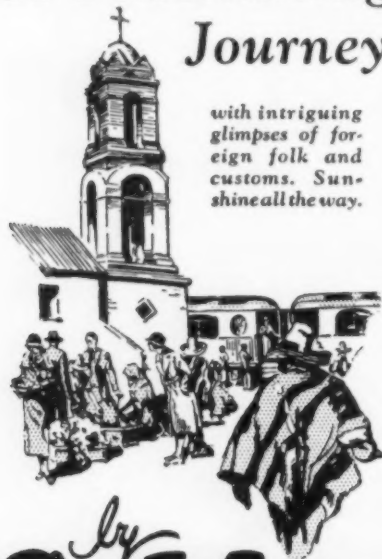
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Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 15)

on my departure and berated me for my presumption. Dinner alone, Sam having gone from town on business, and reading through the evening in "Children of the Ritz," a gaudy, implausible story in which the heroine pays five hundred and twenty-five dollars a bottle for her perfume (Philadelphia and Palm Beach papers please copy). But there was one bit of realism in the book which does deserve mention in the midst of so much glaring improbability—the heroine's mother did not keep up with her Italian lessons.

October 27th Lay late, pleasantly pondering how my feeling of responsibility for the world decreases as the years advance and how matters which once loomed momentous in my mind now seem almost nought to me, just as last week, when I was in Northampton where I did go to college, Mt. Tom looked so small. Finally up, doing on my blue gaberdine, and off to meet Jane Bausman for luncheon, and she did tell me how a celebrated and temperamental lawyer, dining at her house last week, had exclaimed, when Ishii passed some dish or other to him, "What in the world is that?" and had then added, realizing his *gaucherie*, that he should not have spoken so. Where to Fenby Bausman replied, "Your remark would have been quite all right if only you had left out 'in the world.'"

J. did also tell me of a woman who died possessed of much old furniture and who, after disposing of a few pieces to intimate friends, had set down in her will that the remainder should be sold at interval sales until all should be gone, forasmuch as the people around Lyme did so enjoy auctions. Early to bed, reading in "The Human Body," by Dr. Logan Clendening, a fascinating book, but with such terrifying illustrations and such ghastly revelations concerning the various ills to which our flesh may so easily be heir that I did feel faint as I read along, and when a slight agony set up suddenly in my chest, I did magnify its menace to such an extent that I was at some pains not to call Sam home by long distance, and had it not been midnight I should certainly have summoned Dr. Cuff, with a prayer that I might not die before he reached me.

Baird Leonard.

In the City Room

EDITOR OF *EVENING HOWL*: Did the *Evening Screech* beat us to the stands?

ASSISTANT: Yes, they are one crime wave ahead of us.



No more mussy-manes!

THE order of the day in business or social life is a trim, clean contour for the head. Roaching and bunching, thin wisps, straggling scalp-locks and cow-licks—simply won't do.

The man who uses Glo-Co is never troubled by such things. He uses Glo-Co every morning—he knows it's as important as shave or shower. Glo-Co not only keeps the hair properly in place all day—it goes after dandruff too. Use Glo-Co Shampoo also—your doctor would recommend it.

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tempestuous. It is a lovely luxury to have
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in their exquisite flacons for all the
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"FOR GOD'S SAKE—GIVE ME TIME TO THINK—THERE'LL BE ANOTHER TRAIN IN FIVE MINUTES!"

—Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).

The Minute that Seems a Year

A MIDDLE-AGED man was recently charged with ringing a front-door bell and then running away. We understand that he had fully intended to have a tooth out.—*Humorist* (London).

MODERN realism: To-morrow's "romance."—*Detroit News*.



In the Danger Zone

"I WAS OFFERED A JOB YESTERDAY."

"GOOD 'UN?"

"DUNNO—DIDN'T HEAR."

—Bulletin (Sydney).

The Will to Live

Two actors who were exceedingly jealous of each other met in a hostelry much favored by "the profession." They exchanged frigid nods.

"How are you getting along?" asked one presently.

"Pretty well," replied the other. "Still keeping alive."

The first man eyed his rival steadily for a second and then said casually, "What's your motive?" — *Sporting and Dramatic News*.

The Professor as Raconteur

THEN there's the Absent-Minded Prof. who told the story of the Absent-Minded Prof. who wound the clock and let the cat out. — *Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

"A PEDESTRIAN stood up for his rights almost five minutes here t'-day."

—Abe Martin, in *Indianapolis News*.

Straight from the 'Alls

AN English vaudeville actor was singing "Baby Face," only he pronounced it "Bibby Fice." This was not going over with his audience at all, so a brother actor told him that he would do better to sing it in American. "Yes," he replied, "but 'Baby Face' does not rhyme with the next line, y'see — 'Tike your plice.'" — *Chicago Tribune*.

Immanent

"I KNOW where the electricity comes from that lights our house," said Alice.

"Where does it come from?" queried her aunt.

"From the wall," replied Alice. "When Ma wants a light she unbuttons it." — *Science and Invention*.

A critic says that a poor poet is always a potential criminal. Why potential?

—Ottawa Journal.



"HOW DID YOU LEARN TO STAY SO LONG UNDER WATER?"

"I ONCE LIVED AT THE SAME BEACH WITH ONE OF MY WORST CREDITORS."

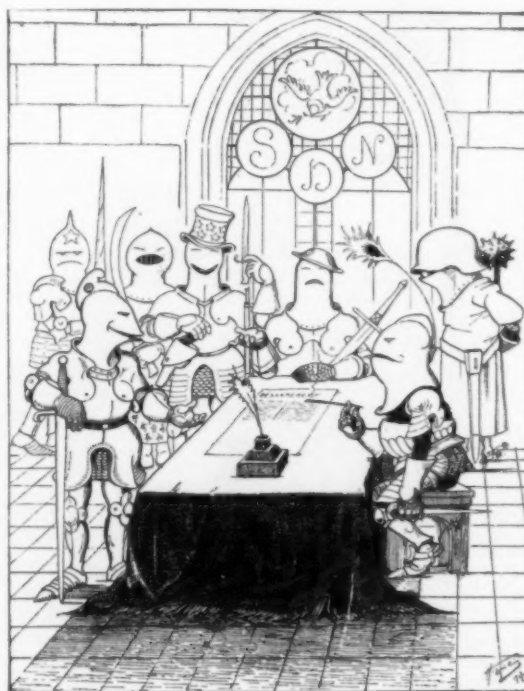
—Kasper (Stockholm).

The Mysterious Stranger

"A young man from New York has been hanging around the Atchison pool halls for several days." — *Montgomery (Ala.) Times*.

THAT'S funny, we haven't missed anybody around here.—*New Yorker*.

PARIS has a beauty shop for dogs. Up till now the dog's life has been entirely too easy.—*Arkansas Gazette*.



Disarmament

ESPERANTO, GENEVA STYLE—EVERYBODY SPEAKS IT AND NOBODY UNDERSTANDS IT IN THE SAME WAY.

—Le Rire (Paris).

The Bicycle Menace

HERE is a German-Jewish story from Berlin.

Two ex-officers were sitting in a train talking about the war. One said to the other:

"The Jews were responsible for the war."

A Jew sitting opposite, overhearing this remark, interjected, "Nonsense; the bicyclists were responsible."

"Why the bicyclists?" asked the officers, in surprise.

"Well! Why the Jews?" was the answer.—*Til-Bits (London)*.

After the Championship Fight, 1977

"Yes, it shows there's something wrong with Society when one man can get all that money for a few minutes in the ring. I remember, back in 1927, when a boxer called Tunney only got \$1,000,000 for the Heavyweight Championship of the World."—*Dublin Opinion*.

A PROMINENT American predicts that in a few years Prohibition will be a dead letter. At present it is still more or less openly practised.—*Punch*.



Footpad: DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.
Pedestrian: OH, Y-YES THEY DO, TO
—TO S-SPIRIT M-MEDIUMS, REMEMBER.
—*London Opinion*.

IN poker, it's always darkest just before you've drawn.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

Bric-a-Brac

LITTLE things that no one needs—

Little things to joke about—

Little landscapes, done in beads,

Little morals, woven out,

Little wreaths of gilded grass,

Little brigs of whittled oak

Bottled painfully in glass—

These are made by lonely folk.

Lonely folk have lines of days

Long and faltering and thin;

Therefore—little wax bouquets,

Prayers cut upon a pin,

Little maps of pinkish lands,

Little charts of curly seas,

Little plats of linen strands,

Little verses, such as these.

—*Dorothy Parker, in The Bookman*.

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters. In sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balt., Md.

Vegetable Oils

IN Paris there is a public market where "artists sell pictures like vegetables."

"How much," we suppose a customer asks, "how much for about a pound and a half of that fresh landscape?"

—*Detroit News*.

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the

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ALIBI CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-FOUR

Lady of the House: MANDY, YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE AN ALL-'ROUND EXPERIENCED COOK, BUT TO-DAY THE BISCUITS ARE SO HARD MY HUSBAND BROKE HIS TEETH ON THEM. HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

Mandy: WELL, MA'AM, YUH SEE, IT WAS DIS WAY... I was so nervous and miserable; my system so run down, that I ATE the cake of Fleischmann's Yeast.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

MRS. L. W. WILLIAMS,
2019 Arapahoe,
Boulder, Colorado.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following contestants:

W. W. BENNETT, Rockford, Illinois; C. C. SLADE, Salt Lake City, Utah; and LANGDON SULLIVAN, Weston, Massachusetts, for variations of the Alibi: "I done set 'em in de 'lectric 'frigeratur 'stead of de 'lectric stove."

A. H. KIRKLAND, Boston, Pennsylvania; and MISS FRANCES KUCERA, Lake Charles, Louisiana, for variations of the Alibi: "I done got de recipe on de radio and I reckon I done rolled too much static in de dough."

Misunderstood

"AND now," said the woman speaker, "if there is a man here who will acknowledge that he would deceive his wife, let him stand up."

In the back part of the hall a meek-looking little man rose to his feet.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the lecturer angrily, "you are so debased that you would deceive your wife?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he explained. "I thought you said 'believe.'"

—Louisville Times.



That Fat How Easily It Went

Countless people, all about you, are getting slender figures now. You see that in every circle.

What is the reason? Strenuous exercise and starvation diets are no more common than they were. There must be something else.

The great reason is Marmola Prescription Tablets, now used for 20 years. They are based on scientific research, and act to correct the cause.

Countless users have found that they not only reduced, but they brought new vitality, new youth. They have told others, and the use of Marmola has grown to very large proportions.

The slender figures you see everywhere now are largely due to Marmola. The use required no abnormal exercise or diet, yet the weight came down and down.

You should know Marmola, should watch its effects. It means reduction that is real, if only a few pounds a week. It means new vitality. Go see for your own sake, what one box will do.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



No more DULL HAIR—for popularity's sake!

Why mar your charm with this neglect, when it's so simple to keep hair lustrous; radiant?

IT'S easy now to say, "Good-bye, dull hair." Golden Glint will banish dullness in one shampooing! Like a touch of rouge on the cheek those lovely golden lights will be revealed; a gleam to catch the light on a smooth sleek surface; a ripple of gold on a marcelled sea to entrance the admiring eye! Golden Glint is just the finest of shampoos, plus a magic lustre; the faintest suggestion of those lovely golden lights that mark the well kept youthful coiffure. Millions use it regularly. Beauty specialists will tell you of its benefits to hair and scalp. 25c a package, at drug or toilet goods counters or, if not obtainable, write us direct. Money back if not delighted. J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. J, 636 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Gives the hair a "tiny tint"

H O N O R S



A few of the medals won by The Gorham Company at International Expositions.



James Albert Major, for 61 years a Gorham Master Craftsman, who helped to create many of Gorham's honor-winning pieces. Mr. Major still devotes his skill to the decoration of Gorham Sterling.

Gorham has been awarded every first prize for silversmithing for which they have competed.

SINCE 1876 Gorham Master Craftsmen have won first honors in every international exposition in which they have exhibited their masterpieces.

France awarded Gorham's President the coveted crimson ribbon of the Legion of Honor for the extraordinary beauty of his company's creations.

Two designers and the Master of the silversmiths' depart-

ment have been awarded individual international recognition.

Versailles, a Gorham pattern, is on permanent exhibition in Paris at the Louvre.

It is such honor that has bestowed his title upon the Gorham Master Craftsman. The men who won it are the same who today create the Gorham Sterling Silverware your jeweler will gladly show you.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

The SUREFIT Metal Watch Strap

no other strap will do



\$5.50

in White or Green
Gold Filled
\$2.00 in White Metal
At your Jeweler's

HERE'S a smart strap of metal to clasp your wrist watch snugly—safely. Limp as leather, smooth as silk. Made of one continuous piece of flexible gold or silver with neither links nor springs. A serviceable companion to your wrist watch. Made for ladies' watches, too.

Safety Clasps Insure Security

Made by
Bliss Brothers Company
ATTLEBORO MASS.
UNDER EXCLUSIVE PATENTS OF
SEPT. 24, 1920 AND JULY 22, 1921.

The Observant Reporter

EDEN.—Mons. Adam made his début this morning in a flesh-colored altogether, galooned with naïveté. The Céleste modistes are now hunting up a fancy fig tree to supply the *nouveau arrivé* with appropriate leaf trimmings. But it must be a blue fig tree. Blue for boys!

* * *

PARIS.—Madame Cassia Duvetyn was observed last evening shooting her husband in the Champs-Élysées. Madame Duvetyn had on a close-fitting gold turban, a crêpe-georgette peignoir appliqué with haute noblesse, and flame-colored goloshes, from one of which she extracted the revolver, a stunning thing, pearl-handled and set with brilliants in a design freshly originated by the studios of Mons. Colt.

* * *

NEW YORK.—Mr. Christmas Craven jumped, yesterday forenoon, from the thirtieth-story window of the exclusive Mayflower Apartments. When seen passing the mezzanine floor, he had on a Brooks cutaway, Ascot tie, mauve flowered vest and balloon trousers, and carried a malacca walking stick.

* * *

ROME.—Il Duce Mussolini stepped out this noon to meet a fusillade of machine-gun bullets in a high hat, frock coat, *café noir* silk shirt, and cast-iron brassière. Over all of these he jauntily wore his usual paletot of *sang-froid*, smartly lined with fascist *savoir faire*.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD.—Mrs. Heloise Libido abducted her chauffeur this past Saturday evening. When last seen, she had on a stunning décolleté of splintered cut glass designed by the Mirror Candy Company, while the chauffeur was nattily attired in military peaked cap and suit of gray broadcloth trimmed with gold braid by the Livermore Livery Stables.

* * *

HEAVEN.—At the daring and truly macabre spectacle, "Last Night Was the End of the World," your correspondent noted Mrs. Puyster de Pew wearing her Sans-Peur turban at its usual chic angle, and ascending *au ciel* in an opal robe de nuit festooned at the shoulder-straps with embroidered katyids.

Cyril B. Egan.

Will Any One Oblige?

"Will you please tell me how I can make the muscles and tissues of my chest and bust prepare vegetables, taking care not to puncture the rubber as this destroys the gloves."—*Question column in the American.*

We can't—but that doesn't mean we're not interested.—*New Yorker.*

**Hello
Everybody!
This is
Johnnie Walker
Speaking!**



"My cigarette is built for those who want something very much better for mighty little more money. Ask your dealer for the very snappy package of Johnnie Walkers! Then you'll have it."

20 for 20c

**Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES**
Extremely Mild

That's the Lady

"Is she going with any one at present?"

"Yes, m' dear—absolutely any one!"
—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

DISARMAMENT is like a social function. No one wants to arrive till every one is there.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**



At drug
and shoe stores
everywhere

Development

LEVEL off the rises
And fill in the ravine;
Place trees of certain sizes
With intervals between;

Cut the elder bushes;
Smoother out the brook;
Trample down the rushes
And straighten every crook;

Build two-storied boxes—
Hispano-anglo-dutch;
Plant zinnias and phloxes,
Geraniums and such;

Lay a hard, smooth paving;
Venerate the sod . . .
"Come live, at a great saving,
Midst the open fields of God."

—Kile Crook, in *Scribner's*.

All Gone but That

SACHA GUITRY's curiosity was aroused recently, so the story runs, by observing a man who was walking ahead of him stretching out his arm whenever he took a crossing or turned down a street. The actor ventured to stop him and inquire why he did this. The man made no secret of it. "It's all I have left of my motor car," he replied.

—*Boston Transcript*.

A HUMORIST asks why no costume has ever been designed for chess. Well, there is the two-pants suit.

—*Detroit News*.



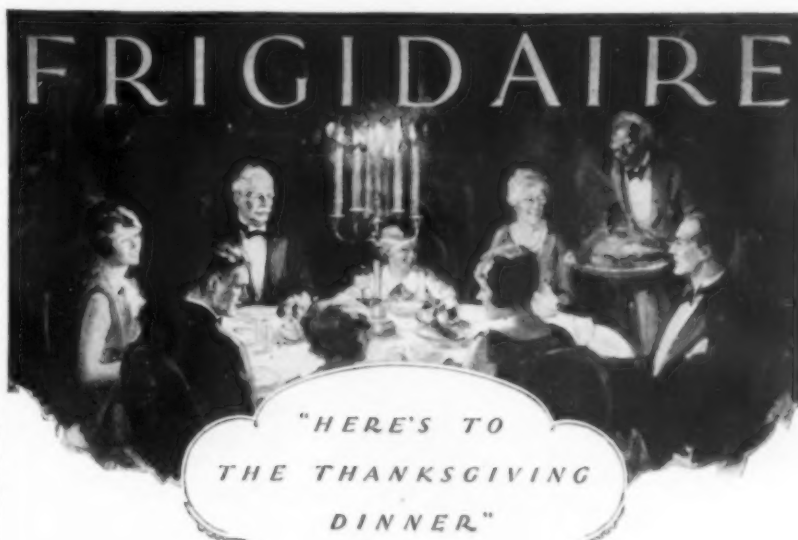
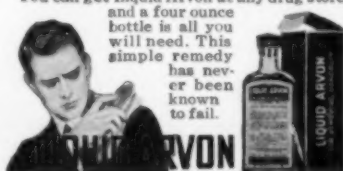
A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store,



What you spend for one or two of them will put a FRIGIDAIRE in your home!

MANY still believe that electric refrigeration is expensive. This is not true of Frigidaire, the General Motors electric refrigerator. We asked 10,000 users for their experiences. The answers were startling. Frigidaire saves them an average of \$105.36 per year over and above all operating costs—savings of ice bills and food waste alone. So, with all its advantages—its cleanliness, its conveniences, its protection to health, its ice-freezing and dessert-making service—Frigidaire saves money far beyond the

cost of operation. Best of all, an amount no greater than you spend for a Thanksgiving dinner or two is enough to put a Frigidaire in your home!

Then charge off the balance with a few monthly payments.

Visit the nearest display room today, or write for a free booklet.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. V-302 Dayton, Ohio

Prices Now as Low as \$180

F. O. B. Dayton, Ohio

A complete Frigidaire unit, with Duco-finished, enamel-lined steel cabinet—all ready to attach and operate from any convenient electric outlet—for the amazing factory price of only \$180. Also new, reduced prices on complete line of porcelain-lined Frigidaires in large and small sizes. A model that suits your requirements to the letter is now on display at the nearest Frigidaire sales room.



A product of
GENERAL MOTORS

A Note on Wisdom

WISDOM lies not so much in acquiring as in forgetting. The wise man is simply the one who has dismissed from his mind most of the beliefs that he started out in life with and that the majority of his fellow men still believe.

—*American Mercury*.

"How is your little boy growing?"
"Louder."—*Toronto Telegram*.

Or So It Seems

Adv. in the *Surrey*: "WANTED—Waitress, somewhat below normal intelligence, good health."

Too late; they all have jobs!

—*New Yorker*.

Among the unsung heroes are those who wait for the transatlantic planes to reach designated landing spots.

—*Dallas News*.

The TROPICAL NUMBER *next week*
and then The CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PARFUMS
CORDAY

15 RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

for Exquisite Women

toujours moi
"ALWAYS ME"

At all good Shops
IMPORTED BY LIONEL
320 FIFTH AVE NEW YORK



orchidée bleue

Sacrifice

I'll keep my love for you in chains,
Since it can never be.
But what a waste for you, my dear,
And what a waste of me.—K. M. B.,
in *New York Herald Tribune*.

He Should Have Known Better

A LOCAL Lothario had a very unfortunate experience. He tried to break off his engagement by telling the girl he was a bootlegger. Now she wants him to buy her a larger diamond.—*Detroit News*.

**Largest Steamer
Ever Built Under
the American Flag**

Now, new comfort, luxury, speed on the Recreation Route to California, via Havana and Panama Canal on the great, new 22,000 gross ton

S.S. "CALIFORNIA"

Every room an "outside room," thirty-two with private bath. Two open-air, built-in deck swimming pools. Magnificent suites de luxe. Electrical operation throughout.

First sailing January 28, westbound; February 18, eastbound. Regularly thereafter with popular S. S. *Manchuria* and S. S. *Mongolia*.

Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Offices in other principal cities or authorized steamship and railroad agents.

**Panama Pacific
Line**

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

GOLF ~ POLO



Good times are not hard to find if you know where to look for them. Now an easy 15½ hour trip from N. Y. City brings you to Pinehurst, N. C., the Golfer's Paradise, the Center of Outdoor Sports. Leave N. Y. at 6:40 P. M., arrive Pinehurst next morning.

There you'll find good-fellowship, health, climate and regal comfort at the Carolina Hotel. Write for illustrated booklet or reservations to General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

SPORT CENTER

FOUR FAMOUS DONALD J. ROSS 18-HOLE COURSES

RIDING ~ TENNIS ~ ARCHERY ~ SHOOTING ~ RACING

"Thrill Upon Thrill"

EXCERPT from "*The Evening Laughie*" — pronounced "*De Efenink Lefie*":

"Thrill was piled upon thrill today in the sensational trial of beautiful Mrs. Gazatska Metinkowitz, charged with the murder of her husband...."

Excerpt from the Court Records:

PROSECUTOR: Patrolman Dugan, will you tell us the position of the body when it was found?

PATROLMAN DUGAN: Aw, it was a couple feet from the kitchen door.

PROSECUTOR: Nearer two and one-half feet than two feet, possibly?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Now, Your Honor, I object to that on the ground that it is a leading question—

PROSECUTOR: Your Honor, I cite the precedent established in the case of *Bailiwick vs. Bailiwick*, in which it was established—

(Both advance to the bench and converse in whispers for an hour and three-quarters. The Court finally permits the question.)

PROSECUTOR: Answer the question.

PATROLMAN DUGAN: "Question?"

PROSECUTOR: Clerk, read the question.

COURT CLERK: I'm sorry, but I'm kind of mixed up on my notes. Oh, yes, the question was, "Were you acquainted with either the plaintiff or the deceased?"

(Nobody notices any difference.)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Your Honor, may I note an exception?

JUDGE: Why not?

A REPORTER: Aw, let's let the A. P. cover this. How about a beer?

ANOTHER REPORTER: Don't ask silly questions.

(Two reporters tiptoe down the aisle, looking important.)

PROSECUTOR: Well?

PATROLMAN DUGAN: Sure, I'm all right.

PROSECUTOR: Answer the question.

PATROLMAN DUGAN: Michael J. Dugan, twenty-eight, married, No. 331 South Synthetic Avenue, City.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Now, Your Honor, I object to that question on the ground that it is irrelevant and misleading—

JUDGE: I think that, as this matter involves a fine point of law, I shall adjourn court until to-morrow morning—Saturday—at—(w h i s - p e r i n g) who's playing to-morrow?

CLERK (whispering): Harvard and Yale.

JUDGE:—until Monday morning at ten o'clock.

Tip Bliss.

Life


The
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
Shoe for Men

Periodically, a gentleman's wardrobe invites new shoe company. New patent leathers. New walking shoes. New golf oxfords.

Always — a pleasurable habit to favor the smartest shoe, made from the choicest leathers of the world.

THE *J & M*
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
SHOE

Newark, N. J.



The Mayflower Hotel
Washington, D. C.



The Haig Combination Oxford Style No. 405
Formal Dress Oxfords of pliable Patent Coltskin
—trim, aristocratic, distinctive. Sold by a leading
shop, near you.



Sister and Sonny
have just learned
they are going
to
California
this winter—

Golden California—stretching its pleasant playgrounds along the sea. Sunny land of fruit and flowers—where living is a joy the whole year 'round.

Five famous Santa Fe trains leave Chicago every day for California. "Santa Fe all the way." Besides *The Chief* there are *The California Limited*, *The Navajo*, *The Scout* and *The Missionary*—all offering famous Fred Harvey meal service.

On the way—Grand Canyon
National Park and the
Indian-detour

After California—
Hawaii

 mail this coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1018 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Illinois

Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

Name.....

Address.....

Rhymed Reviews

Trader Horn

Edited by Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster

OF Africa and golden joys
An ancient rover makes narra-
tion
And intermittently alloys
The tale with sprightly conversa-
tion.

He sings a song of Cameroon,
Remote Eninga, lordly Congo,
Angola, Samba Falls, Gaboon
And many-spelled Adimanongo.

A likely stripling, strong and clean,
No office-loving money-grubber,
With all the zest of brave eighteen
He came for ivory and rubber.

Right soon he dwelt on friendly
terms
With sable chiefs in jungle villas
And killed enormous "Pacydermes"
And shot and pickled huge goril-
las.

He ranged beneath a tropic sky
Where leopards leap and parrots
quarrel
And chummed with anthropophagi
Of simple tastes and strictly mor-
al.

Predacious miscreants he slew
Until a wild attack was halted,
And saved a blue-eyed goddess, too—
A yarn you need not take, un-
salted.

But who will read and fail to praise
His free and artless disquisitions
On native magic, wiles and ways
And wondrous cures by dark
physicians?

Then, dainty scholar, do not scorn
This fragrant pot of gumbo brewis
Prepared by bearded Trader Horn
And served by Ethelreda Lewis.
Arthur Guiterman.

Just Between Us Working Girls

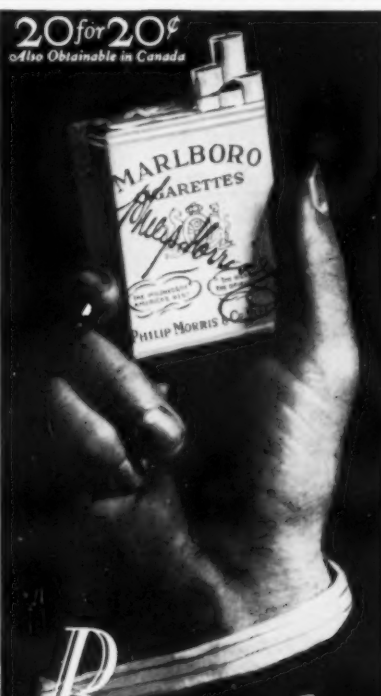
THE influence of LIFE and the writings contained therein on the American people is illustrated by the following incident:

A man walked into a small station restaurant in Montana the other day and ordered two scrambled eggs. The waitress took the order, and, making her way to the back of the room, shouted through the porthole to the kitchen: "Two eggs, hot and bothered!"

HOWARD: Ten-dollar theatre seats proclaim the purchaser a fool.

JAY: Yes—seats like that certainly are not complimentary.

20 for 20¢
Also Obtainable in Canada



Record-Breaking Success

In less than two years Marlboros have broken two records.

1 Never before has a quality cigarette won the enthusiasm of so many real judges of good tobacco in such a short period of time.

2 Never has any cigarette convinced its first smokers so quickly. With MARLBOROS it requires, not a carton, not even a package, only a few puffs.

Marlboro Bridge Score
sent free upon request.

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

Mild as May

Always fresh—
Wrapped in heavy foil

Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD., INC.
511 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
America's Leading Diamond Importers

For over 50 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at worthwhile savings. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat, \$145.00

This one carat, perfectly cut Diamond of excellent brilliancy is mounted in latest style beautifully pierced and engraved 14k solid gold ring. Order this diamond, take it to any jeweler and if he says it can be duplicated for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you..... **\$145.00**



Ladies' Diamond Ring \$115.00

18K Solid White Gold Ring in exquisitely pierced design—giving Diamond a square cut effect. The perfectly cut blue-white Diamond is of fine brilliancy. A remarkable value..... **\$115.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:
1 carat..... \$31.00
1 carat..... 50.00
1 carat..... 75.00
If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

Write Today for this Free Catalog "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to—judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.



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JASON WEILER & SONS

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Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets
Diamond Importers since 1870.

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam, London and Paris

A YALE professor has found an earthworm a hundred feet long. It may be a little late to do anything about it, but this would have been just the thing to land the big one that got away.

—Detroit News.

GROW TALLER



Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to cry and look up to the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

L. GLOVER
Dept. A53, 70 Buikley Ave.
Sausalito, Calif.

Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

She Had an Awfully Good Mind

SHE: What type of girl do you honestly think is most attractive?

HE: Well—that's hard to say.

SHE: I s'pose it is, isn't it? But I mean do you like the outdoor type, sort of, or the type that doesn't do anything specially?

HE: Well, I like both. Of course it depends on the individual.

SHE: Yes, I s'pose it does, doesn't it? But I mean do you really think men like a girl to be intellectual, sort of?

HE: Well, I think they like girls to be intelligent and fairly sensible.

SHE: I s'pose they do, don't they? But don't you think simply heaps of girls who get away with murder are just dumbbells?

HE: Oh, yes, I guess that's so, all right.

SHE: I mean I think being intelligent and all doesn't get a girl a thing if she isn't terribly attractive and all.

HE: Well, I guess that's so, too.

SHE: But I think you can be intelligent and attractive, too, don't you really think you can?

HE: Absolutely—you're an example of that.

SHE: Don't be ridiculous—I'm not at all, but, gosh, I'd give simply anything to be intelligent and attractive.

HE: You're one of the few attractive girls I've ever met who are really intelligent.

SHE: Don't be silly. I mean I'm terribly dumb, my dear—I actually am!

HE: You're one of the most attractive girls I've ever met and you've got an awfully good mind.

SHE: I haven't at all—but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

L. M.

Postcard Philosophy

THE *Spectator*, London, offered a prize for the best philosophy of life "which could be written on the back of a postcard."

This entry, which was said by the editor to be a "simple philosophy of life which seems to have just the right proportion of ease and brevity, while being at the same time workable and sincere," won the prize:

"Love, Trust, Dare, and Go On Doing It."—Living Church.

Exceptional

FIRST FAIR GOLFING NOVICE (to second ditto): I say, Brenda, that was a wonderful shot of yours at the seventeenth. You know—that time when you hit it!

—Bystander (London).

"A wrestler, like an army, appears to live mostly on his stomach."—Evening Post.

If he's a good wrestler, he lives on the other guy's.—New York World.



DEMAND
BAYER
ASPIRIN

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-seven years for

Colds Headache
Neuritis Lumbago
Toothache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

C-FAR FIELD GLASSES

The Happy Gift for Christmas



Money Returned if not satisfied

200

Manufacturing Optician

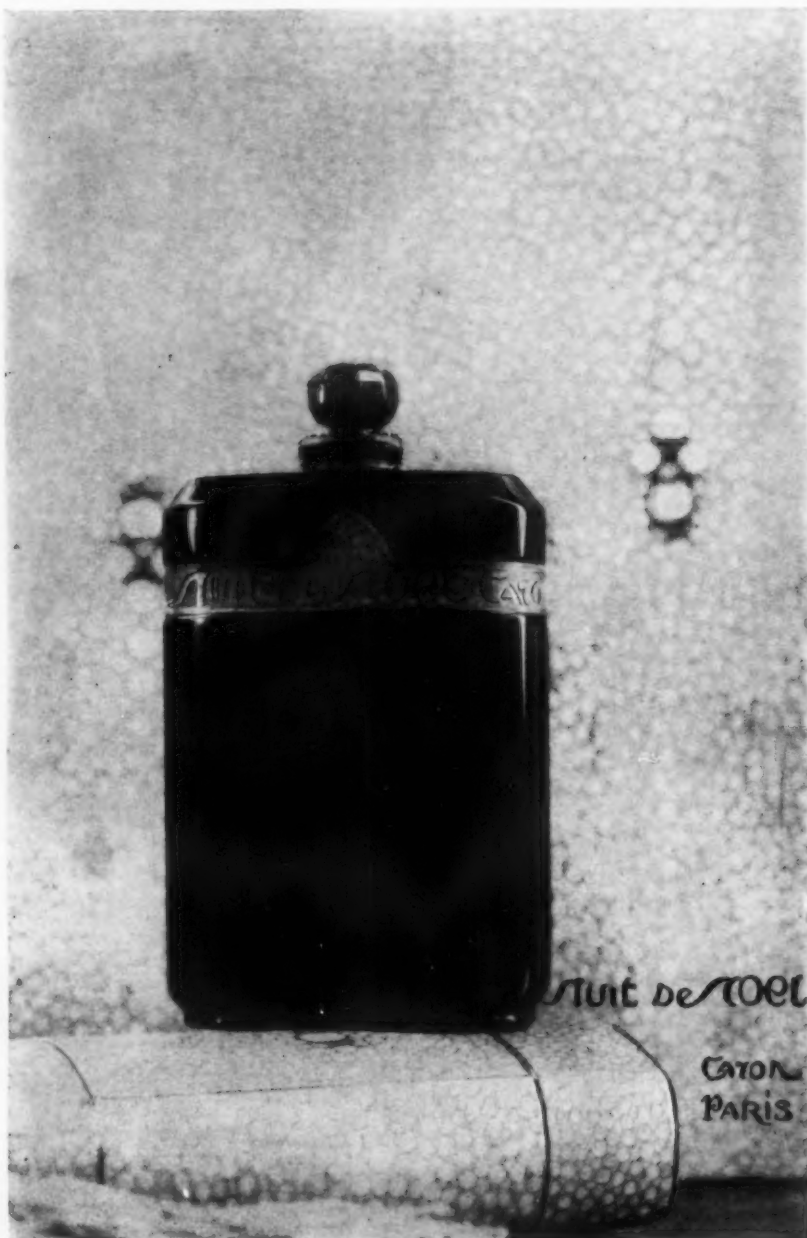
Dept. 32, 374 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Established 35 years

DEALERS—Write for attractive proposition.

Give C-FARs—new and novel—costs only \$2—yet work like binoculars costing 8 times as much. Two lenses in handy leather case, that slips into vest pocket or purse. Easy to carry, easy to use. By mail, or at your dealer's \$2.

Illustration of a man wearing C-Far Field Glasses.



CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Jintown Weekly

THE storm in Skunk County last Saturday was very disastrous, according to reports received here. The cyclone turned a well inside out, a cellar upside down, moved a township boundary line, blew the staves out of a cider barrel and left nothing but the bung hole, changed the day of the week, blew a mortgage off a farm, drove a wisp of straw clean through an oak tree and knocked the wind out of a politician.

Chris Lucas was having some trouble with his stomach last week, so he went to see Dr. Fillmore Graves. The Doc is rather absent-minded at times. After the customary examination and discussion Doc stared at Chris with a far-away look in his eye and spoke as follows:

"Young man, I want you to fast completely for three weeks and here's some pills to take after each meal."—Barrie Payne, Publishers' Syndicate (Chicago).

The TROPICAL NUMBER *next week*
and *then* The CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Two Testimonial Writers Get Together

"HOWDY, Joe, how's business?"
"Pretty fine, Jim. How's your racket?"

"Oh, pretty good. I was tired, weak, bilious, and badly run down."

"And were you continually half-sick?"

"Yes, and I was troubled with indigestion and lack of energy."

"So was I. And I was losing weight, I had spots before my eyes, and my friends were leaving me."

"Same here. Did you have recurring fits of dizziness?"

"Oh, yes. And fainting spells and nervous depression, insomnia, and loss of appetite. I was a physical wreck."

"Me, too. I thought nothing would cure my skin."

"Did you try medicines, dieting, everything?"

"Yes, but nothing seemed to help. I thought I would always be ill."

"But you were cured, weren't you?"

"Yes. Almost by accident I tried a certain product. It did wonders for me. I wrote to the Company..."

"So did I. It's a great game, isn't it?"

W. W. Scott.



It is undoubtedly true that its ingratiating service and superlative cuisine are responsible in large measure for the popularity of THE ROOSEVELT among discerning folk.

It is equally true that THE ROOSEVELT dispenses such hospitality without the penalty of excessive cost.

1100 Rooms - Single or En Suite

BEN BERNIE
and his Roosevelt Orchestra

Write for a complimentary copy of "Rooseveltiana", containing interesting anecdotes in story and picture, from the life of the great American.

The
ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street
NEW YORK

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director



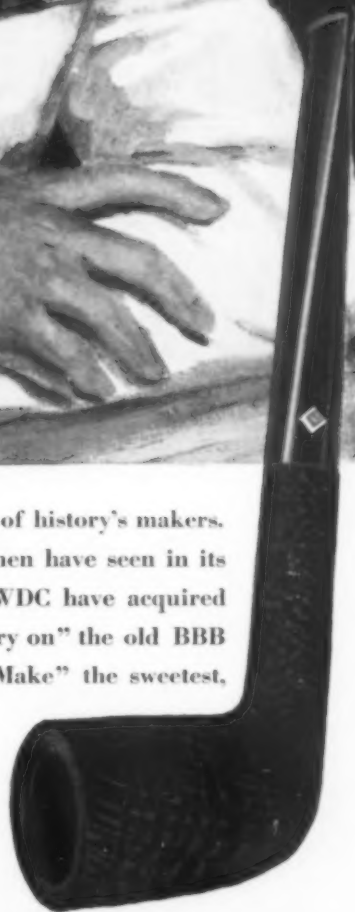
Life
 "C A R R Y I N G O N"



THE "BBB Own Make" Pipe holds a place in history, and in the hearts of history's makers. From Manchester to Melbourne—from Halifax to Hong Kong—Englishmen have seen in its smoke, visions of empire—and of home's green hedgerows. Now, WDC have acquired the exclusive right to produce this fine pipe in America. Theirs to "carry on" the old BBB Individual Baking Process which has for generations made "BBB Own Make" the sweetest, most satisfying of pipes.



The "BBB Own Make" Pipe is now available in a variety of shapes at the establishments of better tobacconists. \$5 the pipe—plain or ripple briars. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City





Say

THANKSGIVING DAY!
 Truly a perfect day for
flowers—tokens of love and
 friendship! Take them with
 you—or telegraph them ahead
 —wherever you go this mem-
 orable autumn holiday.
 No other remembrance that
 you can offer so fully expresses
 your regard and affection for
 friends and loved ones. For
 youth to honor old age, for
 friend to greet friend, for
 gallant to avow his love . . .
 no gift is more appropriate
 than *flowers*—Nature's sweet-
 est gift to all mankind.



*The Sign
 of a
 Good Florist*

"T HANKS *with* F LOWERS

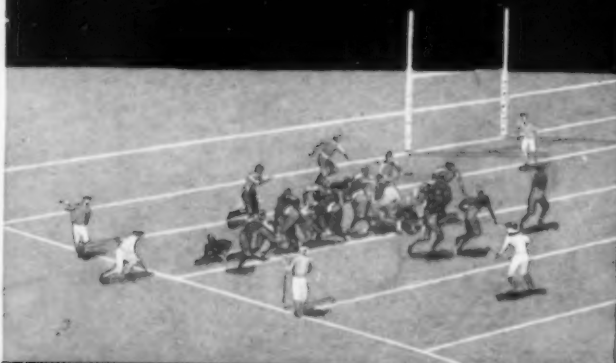


Send for this book—

Send 10c to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: "How to Care for Flowers," Society of American Florists, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Life

ATWATER KENT RADIO



TOUCHDOWN



Enjoy what you hear

When cleated shoes paw the autumn turf, when the backs go tearing through, when the next tick of your watch tells the story of victory and defeat—

Then you need the unfailing clarity of Atwater Kent Radio. Then you appreciate the thrilling certainty of the Atwater Kent ONE Dial. Actually you can follow *two* games

at once, played on different fields, a hundred miles apart—just by turning the ONE Dial back and forth.

More than a million families are receiving from Atwater Kent Radio the satisfaction of good home entertainment. Can you afford to miss it any longer? Hear it—at the nearest Atwater Kent dealer's—and note the moderate price—TODAY.

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MODEL 30, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob.



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Type S, for 25-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current.



"B" Power Unit

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002.

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MODEL H Radio Speaker. With 9 feet of flexible cord.